



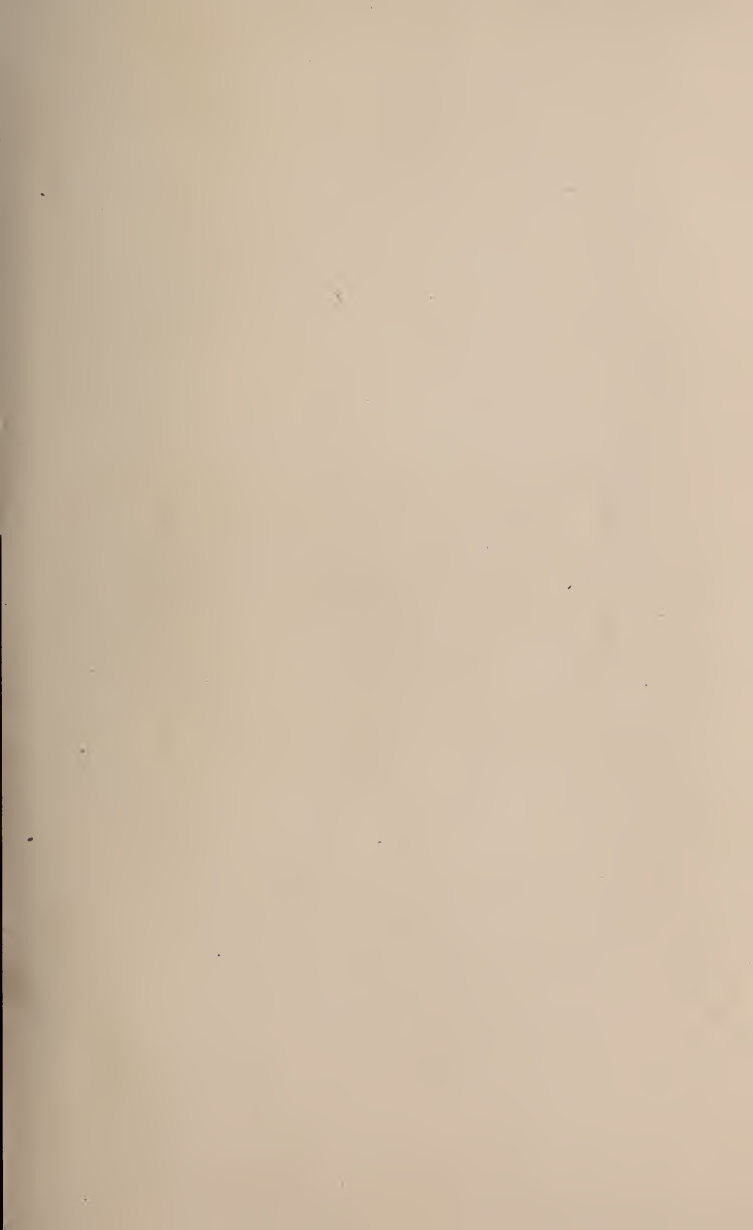
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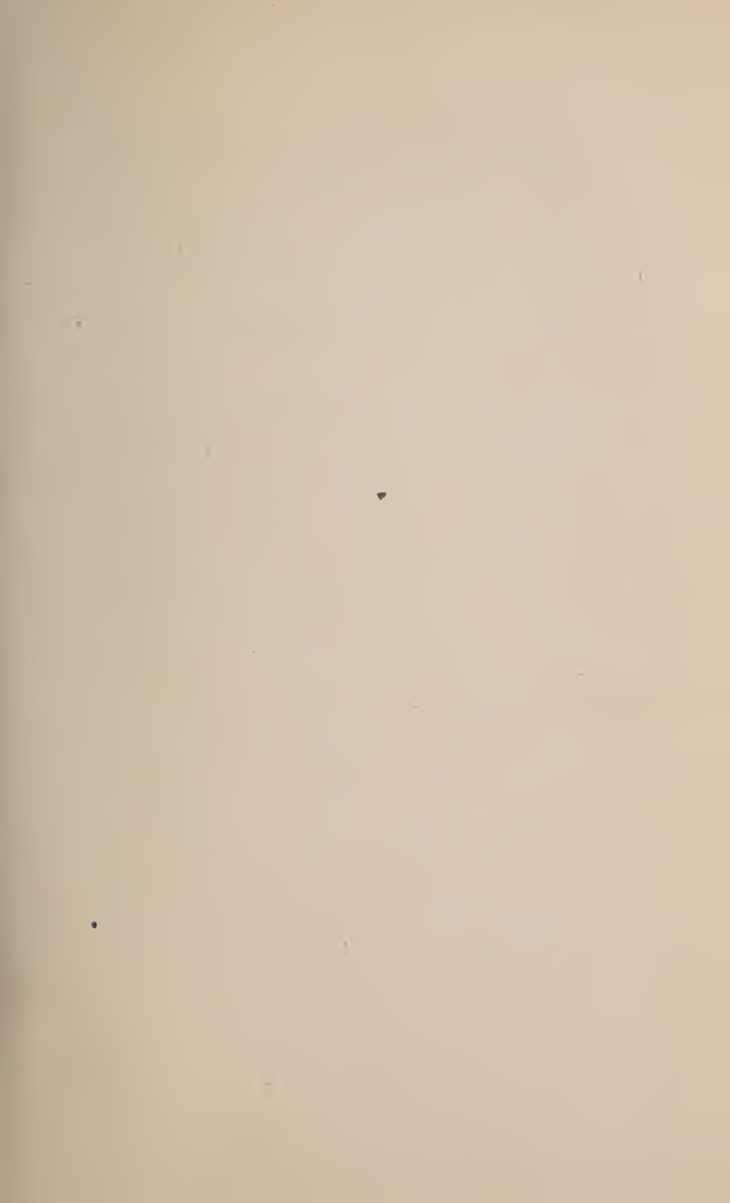


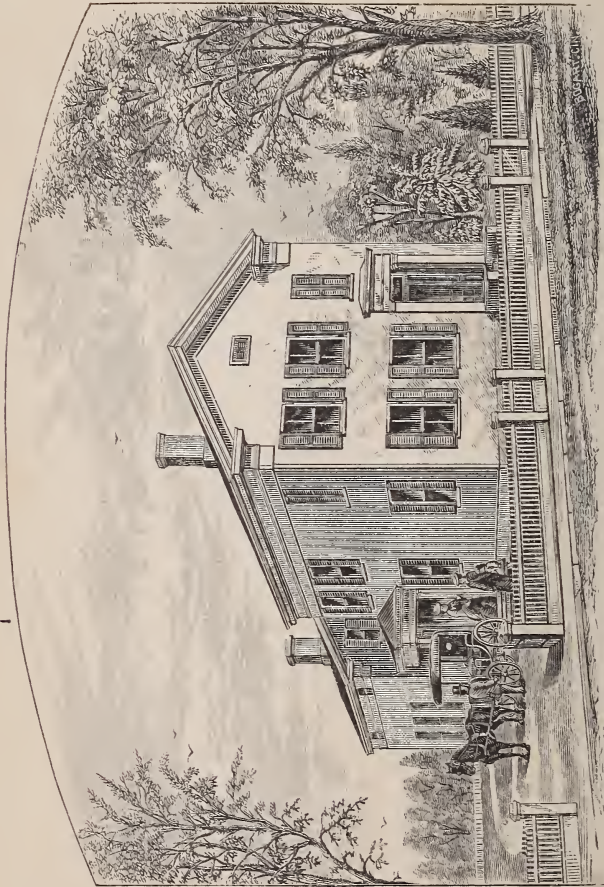












BOUND FOR THE LAKE

2014, 9-



OR,

# Outdoor Sights and Indoor Thoughts.

BY

REV. J. HENDRICKSON M'CARTY, A. M.

*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*—ST. PAUL.

*It is by nature that we live ; but by our philosophy that we live well.*—SENECA.

*There is nothing of which men know so little as themselves.*—CHANNING.

*Nil desperandum, Christo duce.*

L.H.



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*Is Affectionately Inscribed.*







## THE LAUNCH.

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WE once heard an eccentric minister deliver an address to an audience composed mainly of sailors, in which he described Pharaoh as being "the greatest fool in history." "For," said he, alluding to the overthrow of the Egyptian monarch and his host in the Red Sea, while pursuing the Israelites, "he is the only man who ever attempted to go to sea *on wheels!*" The sailors quickly saw the point.

We sincerely hope the reader will not use so harsh an epithet toward the author, who has ventured out upon the sea of authorship "on wheels."

We have discarded the word *Preface*, and substituted a nautical term instead, at the risk of mixing our metaphors.

Our book is launched.

We hope, through the indulgence of the kind readers and lenient critics, not to be wrecked on these waters.

We do not forget that we set our craft afloat upon a treacherous sea, along whose bottom are the wrecks of many vessels once hopefully launched.

If our bark should not prove a successful sailer, but go to the bottom on her first voyage, we shall practice the philosophy we have endeavored to inculcate in our pages, and "keep cool," living in hope that its sunken hulk will some day be raised from the deep for its treasures!

Our self-complacency may provoke the smile, if not the scorn, of the reader.

If any one shall have the patience to peruse these pages, we shall feel complimented; while we hope our words may tend to produce, in the reader's mind and heart, a desire to walk in the way of the higher and holier life.

It will be found to be not a learned treatise on metaphysics, but a variety of thoughts strung together, touching the more common phases of life.

We write for the so-called common people who toil in field and shop and store, but who are, in fact, the true nobility—

“Who wear upon their manly brow  
The royal stamp and seal of God.”

We love to mingle with the men and women of this every-day life. From them we have learned many of our best lessons, and with them enjoyed many of our happiest hours.

Hand-work and brain-work are not inconsistent with each other; and, hence, in the industrial walks of life are to be found some of the finest thinkers as well as truest lives.

The book is written to do good. We have tried to say profound things superficially; in other words, to dig the gold out of the deep strata, and scatter it upon the surface, so a child can gather it up.

We might go on in this ceremony of launching, at greater length, but deem it prudent to save up our material for the book itself; for it may be needed more in that quarter.

Our title has in it a touch of somberness, growing out of the use of the word “black.”

If the book itself is not somber, it will not matter about the title.

So we give the last stroke upon the last key that holds our craft upon the timbers. May her voyages be many, and may all who promenade her decks be as happy as the little group who have spent so many Summer hours with the "Black Horse and Carryall!"

THE AUTHOR.

ADRIAN, MICH., *February 1, 1873.*





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## CHAPTER I.

### **The Black Horse and Carryall.**

*"Religion does not censure or exclude  
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued."*



THE reader will not censure us, if we devote the very first chapter of this book to a description of our "stock in trade;" namely, The Black Horse and Carryall.

We are not certain that the latter name is found in any of the dictionaries; and it does not matter whether it is or not. We have seen the rule laid down in some book on criticism, that in coining a word, "first let it be perspicuous; and next, let it be in the tone of the language."

The morning our new vehicle was drawn into the yard by the side entrance, three pairs of feet came running, three pairs of hands clapped with joy, and three pairs of eyes looked wondrous bright.

The vehicle had been contracted for early in the Winter, so as to be in readiness by the time the roads should become dry and the weather warm. We did not want a toplofty buggy, with square box-bed, made to keep people from getting into it; and with hampered seat, into which only two persons could possibly be crowded; and so high from the ground that a step-ladder would always be required to make the ascent to the seat. Nor did we want a phaeton, however cozy one may be for a single pair of human beings to jog around town in. We wanted a something with a standing top, with curtains which could be rolled up in dry, warm weather, and rolled down in wet or cold weather. We wanted it strong enough to carry at least four persons, if need be; and yet light enough for one good stout horse to draw it anywhere, and over any ordinary roads, and in all weathers.

Our carriage-builder is a man whose round, ruddy face implies that he is patient with troublesome customers. But our order for such a carriage as we wanted seemed rather to puzzle him. He did not see how all these almost opposite qualities could be combined in one carriage. But, then, we have long since adopted the motto, that whatever ought to be done, can be done; and inasmuch as there never was a time when any



two of our family were willing to stay at home, while the other two were more than willing to go ; and as such a time never would come, in all probability, according to the maxim, that the only way we have of judging of the future is by the past ; and inasmuch as a common single-seated buggy could not carry four persons at once ; and, furthermore, inasmuch as we could not afford to keep a span, which would necessitate the employment of a regular driver, besides incurring the risk of being considered aristocratic,—we ordered a vehicle which, in our judgment, would meet our wants and come within our means. Thus assured, our coachmaker set to work at building it.

Now, none such had ever been made in the place. By and by, our friends who saw it in process of construction, began to inquire of us what it was for ? Some thought it would be a capital milk-wagon ; others suggested that we might have a feather-renovating attachment put in, and thus utilize time and energy. Again, others suggested the propriety of petitioning the “city fathers” to have the streets widened, so we could clear the corners easily. But we bore all these implied impeachments of our judgment patiently and hopefully. We spoke of it as our “carryall.” The use of the word was, of course, not original with us, though new in the community ; for, as

yet, no such wagon had ever rolled along the streets of A——.

Before bringing it home, we had spoken of these various suggestions of our friends occasionally, at the dinner-table, and all were anxious to see the thing “drag its slow length along.” But no sooner did it stand on the beautiful grass-plat, than all proclaimed their satisfaction in the most enthusiastic language. We have a recollection of hearing such expressions as “splendid,” “beautiful,” “grand,” “just the thing,” “far nicer than I expected,” etc.; such terms as women are in the habit of using when they wish to express surprise, or feeling, of which latter they have so much more than we men-folk, and know so much better how to express. Did you ever know a girl that did not call every thing that pleased her *splendid*?

“There is the carryall,” we said to the one who had journeyed by our side for a score of years, and who stood next to us on the grass-plat. “What do you think of it?”

A smile was suggestive of the answer. Sure enough, there it was—the long-talked of vehicle, all done—varnish dry, spindles oiled, curtains rolled up, and in complete readiness for a ride; save that, in the first place, the horse was not in the shafts; and, secondly, the morning dishes

were not washed, nor the house put in order for the day. The side-door of the carryall was opened, and in went the whole family, amused at their own childishness; possibly the amusement, at the moment, of others, who may have been witnesses of these interesting domestic proceedings. There are times when one wishes to have a wall a hundred feet high around him, to shut off the gaze of the great outside criticising world from the little world within. All pronounced it a success, and all alighted but little "Peanut," who persisted in keeping her seat, and having a "dive." "Peanut" is the *soubriquet* of one member of our household, to whom we are indebted for much good cheer.

But what would the carryall be without the black horse? Some firms we read of in the business world are made up of what people call "silent partners" and "business partners." The business partner does the hard work—the silent partner furnishing the capital, in whole or in part. Now, the black horse was, in this household firm, the business or working partner, and many hopes for the Summer depended much on his muscle, or his ability to do hard work; and, while it took some of our hard earnings to pay for him, he yet represented a considerable capital in himself, and would sell, we thought, for more than he cost us,

which was less than his intrinsic worth, if we should ever offer him in the horse-market. The thought of doing so, almost brings a tear. And that he was a "silent partner," we are quite sure; for he gave himself no trouble with the business. He seemed to care mainly for his oats, which were his "dividends" from the business, and which he received as eagerly as any miser ever drew his twenty-five per cent on stocks.

Buying a horse is not so difficult a task as to need give one any particular concern, as we found out by trial. We said to a number of gentlemen that we wanted a horse. We had not been an owner of one for a long time, and were not very capable of making a selection; and now we remark that one should never pretend to know all things. It was Confucius who said, "The essence of knowledge is having it to apply it, not having it to confess your ignorance." It is at least honest for one to plead ignorance where ignorance does exist. A man may have read books on Chemistry and Geology, and yet not know much about the planting of wheat or pruning of apple-trees; or one may be a good ethnologist, and yet not understand the "points" of a good horse. Therefore, we should always avail ourselves of the advice of others who know more than we do. A philosopher sat in a boat,

giving an unlettered oarsman lectures on the science of navigation, the laws of action and reaction, and other learned subjects, when suddenly the boat sprang a leak; but it happened that the oarsman could swim, and the philosopher could not. The oarsman knew something which the philosopher did not, and much to his disadvantage.

Well, to return to the horse. No sooner was the word out than every man we met had a horse to sell, or knew of one who had, or could tell us just where there was one which would suit us exactly. Then came the long procession to our door. First, there was a bay mare, out of town two miles, that was just the thing. So off we went, and, luckily, found the owner at home.

After the accustomed salutations, we proceeded direct to business.

“Want to see your bay mare!”

“Yes: come with me. There she is. Very fine animal; raised her from a colt; women can drive her; never ran away; five years old; kind as a kitten; used to single harness; easily kept; has good eyes, good feet; handsome as a picture; fast walker; good trotter. Would not sell her; but—hard up.”

We took advantage of a pause at the last word to put in an interrogation.

"What is the price?"

"She is worth two hundred and fifty dollars. Was offered that for her. Can get it of Mr. Grimes when he returns from the East. He wants her very much. Knows her well. She is so kind, you know. Yes; but you can take her for two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Just then we began to grow a little suspicious of the man, and a whole platoon of questions flashed through our mind. If she is worth so much, and Grimes wants her, why don't he take her, and why sell her for less? etc. But one or two questions will settle the whole matter. And, turning from the mare to the man—from an honest beast to what we half suspected to be a dishonest owner, failing to see any defects in the outward appearance—we assaulted his bastions in three divisions, and asked:

"Do you own this farm?"

"Yes."

"You know all about this mare?"

"Yes."

"Will you take two hundred dollars for her, in cash, on the spot?"

After a survey of about two square feet of soil at his feet, and a look of most profound contemplation for one minute—it would not do to prolong the contemplation, for fear we

might change the offer—he raised his eyes and answered :

“Yes, she’s yours.”

“We repeat, two hundred dollars in cash—you to make a bill of sale, and warrant her entirely sound.”

His eyes dropped, there came over his face a sober expression, and he said :

“She is all right, stranger ; nothing but a little touch of the heaves once in a while, which will not hurt her, you know.”

“That is no fault of the poor beast ; but we don’t want her,” we said. And, bidding “good-day” to the owner of the heavy mare, we were off, satisfied that dealing in horses might sometimes afford a man the opportunity of being dishonest, and, in buying a horse, one might happen to be cheated.

Then came one man with a large, raw-boned animal, which looked as if it had been made of saw-logs and covered with boiler-iron. Another with a small bay pony, about the size of a sack of wool, if the reader can imagine how large that is, which “never kicked,” “never ran away,” and which, in fact, always did run away, if it got even half a chance to become frightened ; and which, like Pat’s belligerent creed, “Wherever you see a head, always hit it,” never did allow a buggy to have a dash-board on it if it

could possibly, by any plan, get its hind-feet through it. And the reader knows very well that, to have a horse's hind-feet thrust through the dash-board, in the direction of one's face, is productive of a series of sensations which rather tend to mar an otherwise enjoyable evening's ride. Next came a chestnut-sorrel colt; and then a gray horse; and then, within a week, a dozen or two other horses, of all colors, shapes, and sizes. Why, it did seem as if all A—— thought we were engaged in fitting out a cavalry regiment, for all the horses within a radius of four and three-quarter miles were for sale; and, what struck us as a remarkable phenomenon, worthy of the investigation of a Pickwickian club, these horses were all sound, perfectly so, and none were over nine years old—a point beyond which you can not tell the age of a horse with any degree of certainty. It is the easiest thing in the world to buy a horse, the most difficult thing imaginable to buy a good one.

During all these Spring days, we did a good deal of coquetting and flirting with different members of the equine species. We were a little hard to suit; and why not? We were choosing a partner in business, a companion for the whole family—not a dumb beast merely, whose only merit was that he could draw a



wagon-load of any thing, and eat his peck of oats. We wanted all this ability, but more. Our ideal horse must weigh not far from twelve hundred pounds; for looks are something in this world. Even if a smaller animal could do the work, to have a small horse fastened to a great standing-top carryall, would have in it an appearance of indifference to good taste; and, besides, one would not relish the idea of being arrested by a policeman for violating the statute against cruelty to animals, which, at least, should not be a dead-letter on the books. Besides, it tires one to see a small horse tugging at a big load. By a sort of sympathy, we feel for that which seems to be a great exertion. Who ever enjoyed the music of an organ, while watching the man in his shirt-sleeves pumping air into the bellows, as if he were trying to put out a fire with a hand-engine, or keep a ship from sinking with a hand-pump? When the organ stops, we are always tired; we have been pumping air, instead of enjoying the music. A friend of ours, who always entertains us splendidly, has on his mantel-piece a bronze figure supporting at arm's-length a globular clock. We do n't like it; our arm always aches when we leave to go home. Then, our ideal horse must be of good size—that's a *sine qua non*.

We want a good-looking horse. An ugly, slovenly, ill-shaped, coarse-built, shaggy steed might draw the load as well, be just as safe and just as kind, but the question of looks can not very well be ignored.

A good-looking horse will not eat any more, nor require any more attention, than an ill-looking one. He will live just as long, and work just as well, and sell better in the market. Our carryall must not be drawn by any inferior-looking horse. There must be a regard to the "fitness of things," as theologians say. There must be unity in appearance. With us, it resolved itself into a profound question, touching even the realm of metaphysics. We cogitated on the principles of æsthetics, thought of Ruskin and Kames, reasoned with ourselves on sundry questions of personal vanity, re-examined our belief in the dogmatics, and then said, coolly, deliberately, and of purpose, "We must have a good-looking horse."

We were not like the man who inquired of the postmaster of the village about the price of a postage-stamp, and, on being told they were three cents a-piece, asked if there were not some cheaper.

"Yes," said the worthy Government official; "we have them as low as one cent; but it will take more of them, and won't look so well."

"Who cares for looks?" cried the man; "I'll take three."

He wanted to get the worth of his money.

A good-looking horse is always cheapest in the end, other things being equal. Good looks are at a premium every-where, and should be.

Again, our ideal horse must be kind. We want to make him one of the family, to think about, care for, talk to, and enjoy. Now, horses differ in their temperaments just as people do. They have their way of talking, and their language is more easily learned than Greek or Hebrew. They have their way of expressing gratitude, their way of asking questions, their way of showing attachment, and of resenting insults. Horses have brains—they think, in their way. If you suppose your horse is simply so much of animated matter, you mistake. They may not have souls, but they have mind—horse-mind.

The "black horse," which we call "Dick," would not be just what a "fast man" would crave. We were lucky in finding him. He came just in the nick of time. That he is worthy of being enshrined in our story, the reader will admit when we say that "Dick" is our ideal horse, black as a raven, large enough for the carryall, gentle as a lamb, kind as a woman. His age is in his favor—he is at least

nine years old. He has reached his majority, and put away coltish things.

He will take us over a railroad-bridge while the train is passing under it. He cares nothing for drums, fire-crackers, or velocipedes. His limbs are clean; his tail long and graceful—a horse's tail is his glory. His eyes are large and benignant in expression. He is as broad between his eyes as a Greek sage. Horses, like men, can be judged of, in some degree, by their cranial development. Horse-phrenology is a science which will yet have its "professors." But, really, "Dick" is possessed of a good head. Beware of men or horses, with little, round, knotty heads, which are shaped like gourds. They will run against you, or something-else, and do harm.

Over his body are sundry scars—marks which tell of hardship in early life. These marks excite our sympathy, and make us love him. On his left shoulder, seen quite dimly, are the significant letters, "U. S." Ah, that tells the whole story! "Dick" has seen service—is a veteran; was ridden to the Army of the Cumberland by a brave Michigan cavalryman; was in several battles; received sundry small wounds; did honorable service; shed his blood for his country. Dick, you're a hero, we all say. Noble fellow! You helped quell the rebellion; you

went on many a long raid, and had hard work even to obtain a good mouthful of grass, and which you had to confiscate, at that. You helped carry the stars and stripes. Noble fellow! The country is yours. You're a patriot.

Now you shall be cared for. You shall be known in our book as the "Black Horse." We will give you the best of oats, corn, and hay. You shall have a good bed of straw at night, and a blanket in cold weather. Your feet shall not be pinched with poor shoes. Your harness shall not chafe you. You shall draw us on our trips of pleasure. We will let you have many a rollick in the pasture-field. You shall be treated with considerate kindness when you are sick; and, when you die, we will see to it that the place where you lie shall be worthy of your dignified and noble horseship.

"What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness."





## CHAPTER II.

### Ideal Recreation.

*"Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy?"*



THE reader will perceive, at once, the design of our book. The "Black Horse and Carryall" are a symbol. They are not mythical, however. The engraving which adorns the book, was made from a photograph, and is real. Yet they are symbolical, inasmuch as so many of our best thoughts, holiest purposes, happiest hours, most generous deeds, have been in some way connected with them.

Wherever we have gone, on many a Summer's ride, by the cooling lake-side or among the grain-fields yielding their golden harvests, or where orchards were crowned with the rarest fruits, or by vineyards where the luscious grapes hung in Eshcolian clusters, or where the hill-sides were covered with cattle; in the brightness of the

morning, or in the deepening shadows of the evening, when

“Drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;”

in all these Summer ramblings, the Black Horse and Carryall have been with us—a part of us. When we have said “let us go” here or there, our meaning was not limited to “us four and no more ;” but *we* meant the whole family, which included the Black Horse and Carryall ; we adopted them into the family.

The human heart was made to love something—every thing. People love each other ; we know men love their wives, or at least ought to do so, and *vice versa*. Parents love their children, and children their parents. It is quite unnatural not to love ; and one who has not loved has not really lived ; for love is the truest and most enduring life.

Old maids and old bachelors often assume to be quite stoical, to be sure ; and yet an old maid will devote herself to taking care of a cat, or poodle-dog, and be quite romantic about it too. And that only shows that the heart instinctively turns to some object, even though it be only a poodle.

It is somehow a belief we have, that God intended every human being to have a companion, not to hold off at arm’s-length, but to take to

the heart ; and, hence, to live the life of an old bachelor or an old maid, has in it an element of wrong.

Any man who will bolt the door of his heart against the entrance of the angel of the tender passion, or incase it in a shield of brass to ward off the arrows of Cupid, is an enemy to his race, and deserves the execration of all mankind. He ought to live in a garret, without fire to warm him in Winter, and with fire in Summer. He ought to sleep on straw, and feed on husks. \*O, that we could command language to express ourselves on this subject ! Courtesy—a delicate regard we have felt, from our childhood, for woman—will not allow us to say one word which could be in any way construed to her disadvantage ; all we can say is in the way of a paraphrase : “Pity the sorrows of a poor old *maid*.”

We were talking, just a moment ago, of the Black Horse and Carryall, and were going to say that inanimate things were made, at times, the objects of our love. An engineer will walk around the great heartless, thoughtless locomotive, pat its iron ribs, and talk to it as if it could comprehend his meaning.

An old mountaineer once lay dying on his rude couch, and after bidding adieu to all his friends who stood weeping around, asked them to hand



him his old rifle, which stood in the corner. Of course the dying man's request was heeded, and the old rifle was laid by his side. He spoke to it tenderly. He had borne it on his shoulders up many a steep hill, and held it above the waters while fording many a turbulent stream. He had camped out through many a wild, dark night, far from his lodge, by the smoldering fires his flint had kindled; and though wolves had barked around him, and the panther's fierce growl had often stirred him from his dreams, yet the aim of the old rifle was deadly; it had sent its ball to the heart of many a deer and bear. In the dark, wild mountain he felt secure against any foe, with such a trusty and powerful friend near him; and, thanking the old rifle, scarred and battered from many a mishap, for the good it had done in expelling the wild beast, and providing food for a hungry household a thousand times; and, withal, conscious that his strength was gone, and he never again could raise it to his shoulder, or "draw a bead" on target, bear, or deer,—he bid it farewell as a friend parts from a friend, never to meet again; and the old rifle went to its corner in the room, the spirit of the old hunter went to its mansion in the skies.

And so, if sea-captains love the ships which have borne them over many a stormy sea, and

hunters love their rifles, and engineers their locomotives—because, by virtue of its natural impulses, the heart does sometimes personify even material things and their attributes—we shall not be deemed an outlaw by the judgments of society, if we, in a manner, express our affection for an inanimate companion, our carryall, which has carried us, and all the family, to and fro so faithfully. In our imagination, it is personified.

The imaginative powers, with which we are gifted by the Creator, were not designed to give pain, but pleasure. Pain is a something of the mind, rather than the body. We are taught in the books on Mental Science and Physiology, that it is not the physical eye that sees, but the mind (the eye is only the instrument through which the mind acts); that sound is an effect produced on the conscious soul by certain vibrations of the atmosphere. We object, and claim something more subtile than the common atmosphere—an ether of some kind, which pervades universal space, and whose operations set in motion the delicate organs of the ear, which act upon the brain, where the sound is produced. Hence it is said, if there were no ears, there could be no sound. The firing of a cannon only causes a vibration of some kind, which the intelligent faculty apprehends. So, when you burn

your finger, that which comes of it, namely, pain, is not in the finger, though it seems to be, but in the head or brain, the place which all accept as the seat of our intelligence. Hence, all pain is mental; and, equally, all pleasure is mental. Intelligence is supreme.

It was Stewart, in his "Mental Philosophy," who said that the province of the imagination is "to make a selection of qualities and of circumstances from a variety of different objects, and by combining and disposing these, to form a new creation of its own." Now, though Addison defined it to be a product of the sense of sight only, we claim he was wrong, inasmuch as imagination is a mental operation, and the mind receives impressions from the outward world through ears, tongue, touch, and nose, as well as eyes. Addison was arbitrary in this, rather than reasonable.

We hold that, the intelligence in us being supreme, we have power to convert things over from one side to another; to get sweet out of bitter, and good out of evil; in the language of Stewart, "to form new creations." Lord Kames says: "Man is endowed with a sort of creative power. He can fabricate images of things that have no existence." Then, if this be the case, we should use the power for our comfort. We

should not always be expecting great evils to overtake us. Never borrow trouble from the future. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The traveling companion of an old divine was once terribly uneasy about a bridge, which lay somewhere before them in their journey, and which was reputed to be very unsound, and was rebuked by the very philosophic statement that "a man never ought to cross a bridge until he comes to it." It was a very commonplace statement, that ; but, then, these commonplace sayings are often philosophy crystallized—not the crude carbon, but the real diamond of thought. A word "fitly spoken" is, indeed, an "apple of gold." The right word in the right place may do more execution than a whole lecture. The eccentric Dean Swift never preached a more eloquent charity sermon than when he rose and said to his congregation: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Now, brethren, if you like the security, down with the dust !"

It is our prerogative and duty to imagine away evils as far as possible, not to see ghosts in every dark nook and cranny of life ; but, if there were such things, to convert them over into angels by our imagination.

We hold it to be possible to get an equation

between one's nerves and a fractious horse; so that, if he is too positive, we may be just negative enough to restore the equilibrium. This they call, in mechanics, compensation, or the correlation of mechanical forces; so that slowness in one wheel gives velocity to another. We call it, in common parlance, "keeping cool." We know that it is pretty difficult to imagine away a toothache, or the fact that a bank-note is due when we are unable to meet it; or that it doesn't rain, when it does; or that one feels good-natured, when bored by an unwelcome visitor. And yet, out of all things we must extract some precious soul-nourishment, some substantial good. We should all be philosophers. As a bee gets honey out of every flower, even the poisonous, so we must find good in every thing; find pleasure, instead of pain, every-where. Here we have the exact formula, made to our hand by one of the greatest of men—great in works, great in suffering. It is this, to be "joyful in tribulation."

And not less should we imagine away evils, real and apparent, than we should gain a great deal of pleasure by the same process.

We do not know who it was that coined the expression, "Building castles in the air;" but we think it an expression quite apt. We can have ideal castles, ideal fortunes, and positively enjoy

ideal recreations. It is just about as well for us to imagine ourselves rich, as to be rich. If a man walk across the river on ice which is three inches thick—thick enough, in all conscience, to carry one—while he imagines it to be a foot through, he is just as well off as if it *were* a foot in thickness. It is a foot thick in his idea. So the riches of this world. They who have just enough of this world's goods to make them comfortable, have all any body can use. Riches are a delusion, as well as a snare. Some people are poor who have millions; while others are rich who have very little in the world to call their own. True riches are in the heart, while a false philosophy puts them in the pocket.

How rich a contented person may be! The atmosphere, the sunlight, the balmy breezes, the fragrance of all the flowers, the landscapes, are all free to all men—poor as well as rich. Every man can own pictures which no artist, not a Rubens or a Vandyke, could paint, and roam at will over all creation, enjoying it, owning it—in imagination. And so long as one can have all these things to enjoy, without paying taxes, or being in danger of displacement, who can not be rich, ideally, in fact? A contented man is rich.

We have, then, our castles; our spirits live in them. We have our gardens, where bloom the

rarest flowers; and we can walk through them. We can mount up the shining way of the better life, and hold companionship with the angels.

We can travel, without the cumbersome fixture of car or boat, over all lands. We can go into the chamber of kings. We can gaze upon the splendor of courts; climb mountain-peaks, where foot of flesh never stood; and walk along the ocean's bottom, and count the decayed wrecks that strew it.

All these recreations we can take, in an ideal way. And so, as we drive the Black Horse and Carryall, surrounded by those we love, viewing the landscapes, we call them our own. When we hear the songs of thrush or robin, we feel that God sets them to singing for us. When the shower descends to moisten the earth, it is to set the flowers to blooming for our benefit—to start up the wheat for our bread.

“Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

We are not an “idealist,” in the technical sense; and yet we see in idealism the source of much good. We all have our ideals—we must have them.

The architect constructs the house, on paper, which is an ideal house. Take yonder lofty and beautiful building. The plan was not made from



the building, but the building from the plan. Or, look at that delicate and beautiful piece of machinery. It was not built by simply adding one piece to another—here a lever, there an arm, yonder a wheel or piston—but first a plan was made, a nice adjustment of parts was arranged; and thus the machinist saw all complete, and in running order, before the forge had wrought out a single wheel or arm. The whole had existed subjectively, as the philosophers would say, in his mind. O, that is a strange power with which mortals are endowed! Battles can be planned, governments founded, navies set afloat, railroads constructed from ocean to ocean, in the mind; and the subjective thought can become an objective reality.

And here we have evidence of that soul-life which we are yet to live, “when this mortality shall have put on immortality;” when the creations of the mind will be equal to the ability to explore all space, and roam at will throughout the dominions of the Eternal.

And so in our life, we need an ideal of goodness, truth, faith; a plan to work by. Where do we find our best pattern? In history? It furnishes us some noble names of martyrs, heroes, statesmen, artists, philanthropists. But we go not to the history of Greece or Rome or Eng-



land, to find the model on which to build our character, but to Him who was "despised and rejected of men;" to Him whose life was a grand and beautiful illustration of goodness in its divine simplicity—who could look upon even his murderers, and say, "Father, forgive." No other such man as he ever lived. Confucius and Zoroaster and Plato were, in their day and generation, brilliant lights, and have projected themselves into distant ages; but, compared with the Nazarene, the man of the seamless garment, the King of kings and Lord of lords, their light pales into dimness. O, there is power in that name! Read the story of his life, and you will learn a lesson of meekness, patience, and love, which can be learned nowhere else. If we construct our lives by this model, they will be beautiful indeed.

Give your little child an outline picture of a house or tree; give it a blackboard and crayon, and set it to the task of copying the image. It will draw many crooked lines, and make many mistakes; but it will study the pattern, and will, in time, be able to master the subject, and produce a true copy. This is what the ideal will do for the child. And so let us set Jesus in the horizon of life—Jesus full of love, free from passion, meek, gentle, holy—and we shall soon find

ourselves desiring to be like him ; and longing to be so will have its influence on our lives. He of the matchless speech once said, " And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." If we look and long for the better life—the spiritual life—He will lift us up to it. Baron Von Humboldt speaks of standing on one of the lofty summits of Chimborazo, with the sun shining in brightness over him, the clouds wrapping their dark mantles about the mountain-sides, while far below him, lightnings flashed and thunders roared ; yet all was serene where he stood firm on the rocks of Chimborazo. So we shall be lifted above clouds and storms ; our feet may stand on the eternal Rock of Ages.

We are told that, in the beginning, man was created in the "image of God." It was a spiritual image. That image, lost in the fall, is put back by the Savior, our example, our Divine Redeemer ; and that person only is truly man or woman who is God-like, Christ-like. Not long ago, we were whirling along in a fast train. It was in early morning. During the preceding night, a mist had fallen, and, settling on the branches of the trees and shrubs and grass, had been sufficiently heavy to form drops on their extremities. There spread out before us an extended landscape ; but O, how lovely ! The

weather had changed in the night; and when morning came, on shrub and tree and spear of grass, as far as the line which bound our vision, instead of drops of water, were globules of ice; and each one reflected the perfect image of the sun, who, though more than ninety millions of miles away, mirrored his face in each one of all the millions of these ice-globules: so that the landscape was as lovely as if God had rained down on all the earth a shower of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. It was a picture we never shall allow to fade from our memory. Ay: was it not a type of the better land—a spiritual *mirage*, a temporary reflection of the heavenly world upon our earth-life? We thought of the golden streets and pearly gates, and rode on.

But there was another thought. As each one of all these millions of ice-globules bears an image of the distant sun, whose heat will soon dissipate them all back into the vapor from whence they have come; so we all may bear the image of God, we may reflect that image of Him—the image “whose throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all;” whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, until we, too, return to Him.

O, is it not a wonderful thought, that the distant sun should picture his face in the tiny

dewdrop or frozen mist-drop? Is it not more wonderful that the great God, whose hand has sprinkled space with stars, and lighted up the deep vaults of ether with suns, by the "word of his power," should thus dwell in man, put his image on the heart of mortals? O, it is most wonderful! But it is true.





## CHAPTER III.

### Home Life.

*"If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breasts this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam.  
The world has nothing to bestow;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home."*



WE occasionally stop the Black Horse and Carryall under a good shade-tree, giving "Dick" an opportunity to recruit his wasted energies, while we stroll about, and thus gain what he does not need ; namely, exercise.

Our motto is, never to be idle. We can always find employment for the mind, even in the dull and dusty lane, where we can behold beautiful revelations of the plans and purposes of Providence. Surely, all nature is man's teacher.

The other day, while we were reclining in the shade of a stately oak, we noticed that almost every little head of white clover had upon it a

honey-bee. If we were to inquire who planted this clover, the appropriate answer would be, God did it. If we ask why he planted it, the answer must be, For just the uses to which it is put all over the world ; it furnishes food for the roving beast, and honey for the bee. It is almost wonderful what an immense amount of honey a few bees will extract from these little white flowers, which grow along the road-sides. It is an economical arrangement, too, that even the way-side should be contributory to the world's comfort. There is good every-where, and in every thing. These bees extract the most delicious honey from the little obscure flowers along the dusty highway, where one might suppose every good thing would be crushed out, under the passing hoof or wheel. And so it is with our life journey. Our business is to see good in every thing—to turn every event and circumstance to good account.

There is a great deal of sweetness in life, if we only live as we should. It is the misfortune of too many, that they pass by the true sources of human joy, and look for their happiness just where it is not to be found.

There are a great many unhappy people in the world, who might be happy were they to seek it in the right direction. There are little flowers growing all along our pathway, which offer their

sweetness to us freely ; but we disdain their insignificance, and look up into the tree-tops where bitter acorns grow. Ah, after men have tried every expedient, they often find it to their comfort to come right down to the plane of little things, and seek their highest good in them !

The real happiness of life is not in fame and riches, but in home life ; and this is made up of little words and acts.

There is no word spoken in any language, around which cluster such a multitude of sweet affections, endearing thoughts, and holy memories, as gather about that one word, *home*. We need only speak it, and it carries our thoughts away to some other spot, possibly to some other land across the sea, more swiftly than the lightning's flash. There is some place which we once called "home," and which, of all places, we loved most and best. We have not forgotten that place—we never can.

To dream of the home of our youth, is a very common experience. When the physical senses are locked up in sleep, the soul seems to have holiday ; and, as if exulting in its freedom, it roams wildly every-where. We are transported back to our childhood days again, and experience all that we once enjoyed. We wander over the grassy mead ; we climb the rugged hill-side, and

listen to the murmuring brooklet, whose rippling waters spoke a strange language to us in the sunny hours of childhood.

And then, in our dreams, there come back to us, like angelic visitants from the better land, the friends of former days. We hear the songs which gladdened our early years; we catch the smile on a mother's face, and lean for support on a father's strong arm.

We awake out of our dreams. The vision has departed, as the rainbow fades from the cloud. Life's realities are upon us, and we say it was only a dream. But so it is—in our reveries by day, as in our dreams by night, not least nor last in the mind are the memories of home.

In our life-journey, we often meet those who are, or have been, deprived of all these sweet memories. They were homeless; death had made them orphans, or drunkenness had turned home into Pandemonium, or jarring strifes had banished every hope of domestic bliss. Who does not pity the man or woman whose experience of life fails to include all that is implied in the word home? They are like the blind, who never saw the light of this beautiful world. If we compare life to the temple Solomon built, then home is its "holy of holies." Into this holy of holies they have never been permitted to



enter. We pity them for what they have lost in life—home life.

In the estimation of very many people, the word home means simply a house. It signifies four walls, a floor, a roof, some doors and windows, a stove or fire-place, a table at which to eat, a bed whereon to sleep, a few acres of land, or, possibly, a few feet of land. That these things go toward constituting a home we do not deny; but that is home in the very lowest sense which is gauged and measured by these material things. We may possess all these—walls adorned with the finest art, grounds arranged with the most exquisite skill; we may have books to make us wise, and gold wherewith to purchase every luxury the heart can crave, and people to fawn at our feet, and yet we may be homeless; for the word has a deeper meaning than this. What, then, should a home be? Let us inquire.

A home consists usually of husband and wife; or, to use words still more replete with meaning, *father* and *mother*, as owners or governors, and children, who are its crown of joy. And this is not the invention of human society, but it has its origin in Divine law. This is the foundation of all society, and of all government. In the very beginning of time, mankind were set into families; and, when the world became peopled,

they went forth from a home altar to multiply, replenish, and subdue the earth. God created the world in love. He redeemed it in love. And so he has made love, in its highest sense, the great law of the universe. The love which gave your heart a new life, and bound you, in cords not designed to be broken, to another, was planted in your heart by Him who declared himself to be Love. And when St. Paul would use a forcible illustration of the love which there is between Christ and his Church, he compares it to the human love between husband and wife.

What, let us ask, would this life be without that reigning principle? The warm, gushing love of child, sister, wife, husband, parent, or friend, throws over life a peculiar radiance. The impulse which brings together those who were once strangers to each other, and in a very holy sense makes them one, is that which gives to life in this world its chief value. Nor is it to be viewed, as is too often the case, from the utilitarian stand-point, the grosser side; but from the spiritual, the heavenly. That great man, Jonathan Edwards, when near the dying moment, sent to his absent wife this message:

“Give my kindest love to my wife, who for thirty years has blessed my home. Tell her

that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as, I trust, is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever."

This affection, which binds us into families, is a Divine gift to our hearts; and when it completely takes possession of the heart, it not only lifts us into a new life, but into a better life. We always have hope for those who have learned to love.

It is no uncommon thing for people to speak lightly of these very sacred things, and to regard the formation of their matrimonial alliances as mere accidents of their being. But who does not know that there is no one thing which so materially affects society and the general destiny of mankind as this? Home life is the secret of the nation's life. A homeless nation has no substantial basis—no beginning of government. Hence it is said, "He setteth the solitary in families." God binds on us the duty of mutual aid and of mutual forbearance, while he has so constituted us as that we shall attract each other.

Like does not always attract like; but, as in the elements with which the chemist deals, the unlikes attract, and thus a sort of equilibrium is preserved, so the unlikes in human life. The weak are often taken care of by the strong, and

the despondent are upheld and encouraged by the hopeful. In no one thing is that great law of the universe, "unity in diversity," seen more distinctly than in this sphere of our being. No two persons are exactly alike, and yet all are alike.

Home is not always what it should be, for several reasons: First, because there are too many alliances which have no other foundation than family wealth, or convenience, or passion; and all this violates the spirit of the institution of marriage.

If persons are thrown together by any cause—however remote from the true spirit and design of marriage—then what shall be done? We answer: Study each other, cultivate heart-life, bear each other's burdens; and those who seem to be unfitted for each other may yet find, in those very points of diversity, the footsteps of Divinity shaping their ends—a Providence leading them even into the fields which their youthful fancy once pictured.

But how common it is, in these days, for people to fly from themselves to others for redress, to forego the powers which they have within themselves, and resort to the civil courts, and thus profane what God in the beginning made holy! The true way for all is, to accept life as

they find it. It may sometimes be hard; then "endure hardness as good soldiers." Let it be a discipline of goodness; and in the end they will thank God for what seemed to be even an ill in life. Husbands and wives may separate, but only as a necessary step to protect life or preserve honor.

But "home" includes more than walls and lands and government. It implies another side, one of brightness and innocence. The home not blessed with childhood is robbed of one of its chief delights. They are its music, its life, its central charms. They may cause labor and anxiety, and often the bitterest disappointment and sorrow; and yet all these *can* be borne with, and must be. They come of the sin which has tainted our nature. We can only wait and pity and pray.)

( God gives and takes away. But what a joy to every true heart is the gift of innocent, beautiful childhood! How much of promise and of hope there is in the advent of a sweet babe in the household! That look of dependence, that clinging love, how they mold us! How much of genuine culture we have received in educating a young mind and heart! How strangely hopeful to witness the opening of the faculties of the mind, as some sweet flower unfolds to the Spring or Summer sun!)

"Home is where the heart is." The walls may be unfrescoed and unhung with pictures, the floors may be uncarpeted; no gilded halls, no blaze of mirrors, no signs of wealth may greet us; yet it is "home," because hearts loving and true are there. It is a world within a world. Affection, tenderness, attention in little things, all center there; and, by virtue of these, it becomes, in a large degree, a compensation for the thousand woes to which we poor mortals are heir.

The Bible is not silent on this question of home life. The husband is exhorted to love the wife, to be true in every respect. It is not enough that he declared it once when marriage-bells were ringing; but the institution of marriage demands that his life shall be a witness of that affection. And he who so easily finds excuses to be absent from his home, at the club-room, at the lodge of some kind, evening after evening, or who seeks his companionship around the billiard-table, denies all his mere pretensions of love for wife and children.

The best men and women in the world are those who have in their homes the centers of greatest attraction. And the happiest men and women in the world are they whose homes are made so by themselves. But, alas! too many

only regard home as a kind of shelter, a place to stay when they can go nowhere else.

Men often neglect their homes, and do it under the garb of generosity. They pay all the family bills at sight. They are even lavish of expense. But the wife is given to understand that this is all she needs expect. The companionship which she craves most, *others* must have. How does this comport with the words of Holy Writ, "Husbands, love your wives?" The Scripture says, "If any man does not provide for his own household, he is worse than an infidel." Then men say, "They will provide all their families need." Now, if they do this, and leave out of the account affection, tenderness, and all that which love implies, the household is not duly provided for.

But there are reciprocal duties. The wife is admonished to be submissive. "Submit yourselves unto your own husbands." Let the husband do well his part, and the submission of the wife becomes easy. Her love is true, truer than his. Woman's love for husband and child is an all-controlling passion. Even when she is wronged by the coldest neglect, by the untold cruelties of intemperance, by causes which justly excite her jealousy, yet it is her nature. God-given, she will cling to him whom she has chosen



as her companion in life; and when all others have forsaken him, she will imitate the ivy, which twines its tendrils about the oak to hold together its fragments when the lightnings have shattered it.

Not all wives are prudent, loving, and dutiful. But, then, such is woman's nature, that her influence is a constant, elevating force, binding the world together and making it richer and more beautiful.

The Bible enjoins family government: "Train up a child in the way he should go." If he is properly trained, he will be much more likely to go right. Obedience is enjoined on the part of the child. Superior age and wisdom qualify the parent to command, while the child should know nothing but obedience. Every man who governs his house as it should be, confers on it a blessing. But that government should be according to the spirit of the Gospel. There is such a thing as governing a house with a rod of iron. Some of the worst despots in the world are those of the household. They lord it over God's heritage with a vengeance. They feel as if they were made to rule somebody; and rule they do, most perseveringly, most effectively. They are self-willed men, who come and go without fear or favor; every other will must be subordinate.



They advise with no one, scarcely associate with any one. They are the Neros of the household empire; and all who do not come when they call, and go when they send, may expect to be burned up in their wrath.

With such a governor at the head of a family, there can be none of that softness and sweetness and love which the family was designed by its Author to cultivate.

An iron will at the head of a family is a thistle in a bouquet of flowers, a foot that crushes with remorseless tread the tender blossoms of affection that spring up.

The wife, instead of coming with open arms and words of welcome, with love and smiles to greet the approach of her companion, trembles at the sound of the footsteps of one who only seems to her as a master.

And the little olive-branches that have sprung up around the domestic altar, shrink back from his coming, like some kinds of blossoms that close their petals against the cold winds; and they grow up like May-flowers under the snow.

Do we call this government? Nay: it is rather a species of cruelty; it is despotism.

( Government implies law; and all law has its foundation in right; and right is divine. There is no government like that of love. ) The rod

may be used, but only as a last resort; as, in God's government over the world, mercy comes before wrath.

(The rod terrifies and excites the sense of fear; but love wins the heart.) The one appeals to the mind, and may drive the child to lay its plans to deceive; but love appeals to the moral being and excites a desire to please. Therefore, the best, the most rational argument to be used in the government of a household, is the logic of the heart.)

The family is a divine institution. It is first in order; it existed before any other. All mere civil government exists to protect us in our homes. The army and the navy are only the outer household guard. Hence, home should be first in our thoughts and affections. How to get a home, how to keep it, how to make it the most attractive spot on earth, should be a constant study.

And one of the most important thoughts is, that our homes should be cheerful. Society at large puts upon us a restraint, which is quite becoming when we are gazed upon by others. Then we must walk and talk after a model which the great world has adopted. But in the home circle this precision may be thrown off; but not so as to be impolite or coarse. Our homes should

cultivate the opposite of stiffness and coldness. Society is the great deep sea, where the ship rides grandly on the waves. Home is rather the pebbled shore, where the sea shallows and ripples in the sunshine.

One of the great faults of our home life grows out of that notion which some men have, that they must be very dignified and manly among their children, in order to command their respect. Hence, these men go home from the store or shop or office with a business walk and a business look. They carry the stern face of the counting-room with them to the dinner-table. They have mistaken sternness for manliness. They move among their families very much as the iceberg drifts coldly from northern seas, all the while surrounded by its own fragments ; they make home cold. Their look, their step, their demeanor, is chilling.

Does such a man know what a fatal mistake he makes? If he would rush in through the gate into the house, and throw himself into the very arms of a loving, happy family ; take off his coat and boots, and romp with the baby,—he would forget his cares. It would be snatching a little sunshine from the clouds and obtaining a glimpse of heaven, besides doing the baby a deal of good. And this is not weakness ; it is true

manliness, it is heart-life; and is as needful as any thing which men seek to acquire in this grasping, busy world.

We think, too, that the love of money ruins many homes. Many seem to think that all they need in this world or in the next, all worth living for, is money. Homes are often sacrificed to Mammon. We forget that luxuries have their proper place. We are intense utilitarians; and yet we mistake the true idea of utility. Beautiful pictures can be bought for money. Now, which is better, which more useful in its influence on life—a certain sum of money in bank, or its equivalent in some pictures on the wall? We hold the latter to be often the better; for an expressive picture teaches. It is a sermon; its voice is never silent.

Books are costly; yet a small, well-selected library is of infinitely more value to a growing family than its equivalent in gold or lands. An amusing toy may cost a little of our money; and yet it affords to the child a positive advantage in the way of amusement.

People sometimes live on the most unwholesome food, because the better kind costs more money. But, then, we can not cheat God. There are compensations in nature; and what we save in food we expend in doctor's bills. So

we can banish from our homes all that which makes home cheerful and glad ; and at the same time banish the child, and send it forth with a nature chilled, and with perverted views of home.

Far be it from us to foster an extravagant spirit. We do not exhort you to spend your substance for toys, or in "riotous living;" but to look at life as needing more than mere money—as being something more than merely staying in the world.

But we must not be too ethereal. The house, with its walls and floors, does, after all, form our home, in part. And, whether rich or poor, it should have about it that which we call neatness. There is no excuse for filth. We can excuse poverty ; we can make allowance for occasional disorder ; but, for constant and accumulated filth, even the devil himself can find no suitable apology.

Then, there is the custom of building a fine house, and shutting up a great portion of it the year around—making it dark and gloomy, with locked doors and closely curtained windows ; with great, gloomy parlors, which people keep for company—keep as moral ice-chests, social refrigerators, for freezing friendly callers in. This is all wrong. We should open our houses ;

let God's air and sunshine into them ; let the children have the opportunity of seeing and enjoying the best we have, and all we have, constantly. )






## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Family on Earth and in Heaven.*

*"If all our hopes, and all our fears,  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;  
If, travelers through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond ;  
O, what could check the rising sigh ?  
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
O, who could venture then to die ?  
O, who could then endure to live ?"*

HE power which rules the home should be heart, rather than brain. Love is the gravitation of this little home-universe. (As the sunbeam is made up of millions of rays, so the light of home is composed not of any one great dominant quality, but of ten thousand little things. There should be kindness, in word and in act. The very tone of the voice is a home educator. Let a child grow up familiar with harshness of voice and abruptness of manner, and that harshness and abruptness are often perpetuated in that child's life.) So of

the opposite; love is contagious—like begets like.)

Addison once wrote: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very act bound themselves to be good-natured, affable, joyful, forgiving, and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives." And here is a fault in many families: there is no exhibition of heart; love is laid away in some dark closet along with the marriage certificate, to be forgotten, to be dusty and moth-eaten.

Some one has said: "Man is the head of the home; but woman is its heart." Never was any remark more true. A mother's influence runs down along the journey of our life, to its close. No man, who is worthy of the name, ever forgets the one to whom he is most of all indebted for what he is. The family is a school, in which the mother exerts far the greatest influence. She is almost the sole governor and teacher of the child during the first dozen years of its life. And many a man of the world, of fame, many a statesman of eminence, has gone back to ask counsel from the lips of mother. Many a great man, before engaging in some doubtful or hazardous enterprise, has said: "I must go and



see my mother, and hear what she has to say."

It is said by some that the training of children devolves too much upon the mother. For our part, we think not. God has fitted her for her work. Her soft hand, her tender look of compassion, her musical voice, her deep and pure affection, act upon the child as the breath of a better land, as sunshine on the growing plant.

Let us go back, in our memories, to our early homes, and what do we most fondly cherish? Ah, how quickly comes up our mother! How she imprinted herself on our very being! We will never forget her. She was to us the angel of our better life. Did she ever counsel wrong? Her head may have erred—for "to err is human"—but her heart was ever true. We may be suspicious of the friendship of others; but of a dear mother's, never. Others may desert us; but a mother clings to her child forever. By a holy instinct, by the deathless passion of love, she protects, defends, and guides the footsteps of her child with an anxiety for its welfare that is only equaled by the depth of her love. O, what a world this would be without her, or if she were any other being than she is! In the great work of redeeming the world, not least

among the agencies will be ever found that of sanctified motherhood.

An eminent man was once asked what was the cause of his success in life; what one thing had most contributed to his eminence. He answered that he owed it all to his mother, who had taught him from his childhood always to hang his cap on the same nail behind the door when he came in from play. This was his first lesson in system. No one can be successful in any calling who is not systematic. Teach your child to be systematic—prompt—and you will make him more useful and happy in the future.

John Wesley acknowledged his indebtedness to his mother for whatever success attended his labors. Methodism is but the expansion of Susannah Wesley's nursery. George Washington carried, through his whole life, the impress of his mother's hand. Senator Benton once said: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gambled. I can not tell who is winning or who is losing in any of the games that are played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity I have for endurance, whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to that mother's influ-

ence. When I was seven years old I promised her never to drink. I then resolved on total abstinence when I was sole constituent member of my own body; and that I have adhered to it all through my life, I owe it to my mother."

"And say to mothers, what a holy charge is theirs! With what a kingly power their love might rule the fountains of the new-born mind. Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow good seed before the world has sown its tares."

Home should be enlivened with conversation. We learn much more from hearing than from reading. People will listen to lectures, or sermons of an hour's length, which they would not read. The living voice is a great instructor. Then we know the young mind is active. The childish mind is full of questions. Ideas, some right and others wrong, float through the brain like birds in the air, and the child desires to know. The duty of those who have these little questioners around them is to enter into conversation with them freely. Make a counselor of your boy. Give him intellectual food, and it will develop and strengthen his powers. It will make him more manly, and he will have less inclination to wander from his home. But if you are dull; if you keep all your thoughts to yourself, reserve all you know for others,—your children

may look upon home as a kind of box to be shut up in, and they will get out of it as soon as they can.

The education of a child is a slow process. It has all to learn that we have learned. Faculty after faculty must be called into play. Power after power must be awakened in that conscious soul. Days, months, years pass away, through all of which the soul is expanding, the intellect growing, moral principles are being settled, character is forming; and all this takes place under the eye of the parents.

This educating a young mind is a difficult process. Some people bring up their children with a relish for the most marvelous tales, silly romances, adding to their culture the love of the circus and the theater.

Bring them up with a contempt for all useful knowledge and all honorable occupation, and they will spend their days in novel-reading. They will enjoy reading the lives of pirates and murderers rather than the biographies of the good and great.

One writer says that, in a class of thirty boys, brought up in this way, at the age of forty-five years one had been hung for murder, three as pirates, six had died in prison, seven had come to the common fate of vagabonds, the fate of ten

was unknown, and only three became useful mechanics.

But of forty boys educated in the strict school of the Puritans, at the age of fifty-five one was a member of Congress, one a supreme judge, two were judges of circuit courts, five were lawyers of respectability, three were physicians, fourteen were dead, and the remainder were honorable farmers and mechanics; and, so far as known, not one of these was ever called before the bar of his country on a criminal charge. All had homes, and all were respectable.

All history proves the truth of that Scripture which says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Obedience to rule is one of the first lessons every mortal coming into this world should learn; and they who do not, in their very infancy, learn this, are liable to grow up with a love of disorder. Well may you ask yourself the question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" You may not be very well able; but you must do the very best you can, and leave the result in the hands of God.

We have somewhere come upon the following rules, which may be of service to you:

1. Regard your children as having entered upon a life of immortality.

2. Heartily dedicate them to God, and train them up in the services of religion.

3. Pray for them, and teach them to pray; for we never forget the prayers of our childhood.

4. Store their minds with useful knowledge, especially the Word of God.

5. Set them a Christian example every day.

6. Train them up to habits of industry, economy, generosity, and other good traits.

7. Check the first buddings of evil, and cultivate the first indications of good or right feeling.

8. Never rest satisfied until you see your children in the possession of converting grace.

(The genius of patience must preside in the family. We must not let the hundred questions vex us, but answer them all if we can. And if the child is slow to learn, be patient; for some of the world's greatest men were dull boys. If the child makes mistakes, remember you have made as many. Never frighten your child into trembling; but calm its fears, and make it trust you and be truthful. "Provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And this you can only do with patience.)

✓ Home education involves intimacy, familiarity. The word we use to express our truest friendship comes from the Latin word which signifies a

family. Between the members of a family there should be a spiritual oneness, a mutual likeness, a common bond of affection and interest. There is one thing we wish every reader particularly to remember; that is, to be cheerful. You may weep yourself sick, and into the grave; but cheerful, happy homes are great health-producers.)

In the family, there should be no stiffness, no coldness; but simplicity, and the deepest and purest affections. It is the place, of all others, to be most free; the place of gown and slippers; the place of innocent sport, and the unbending of dignified life. Divest yourself of all formalities, come right down to each other's hearts; and you will send the blood into quicker currents, and put rainbows over the heaven of your life.

We have before remarked that the sunbeam is made up of millions of rays. So the sunlight of home is the combination of thousands of kind words, kind looks, kind acts. People need not be rich in order to be happy. The humble cottage is as open to the angels of God as the lordly palace. Home without the angels of kindness, patience, forbearance, and love, is not home; and many a young man, nerved with the fires of ambition, has turned away to the sea, or the great world, because of the entire



unattractiveness of home. Many a maiden has sought the love that home should have afforded in the gay and fashionable world, where all the evils of depraved humanity exist under the garb of outward good appearance. Many a one dies dishonored, because home was not loving and cheerful.

( A family should never be disturbed by angry contests. If parents do sometimes disagree, that disagreement should never be expressed before their children ; for, if it is, they will take the same liberty. And then parties will be formed, and strife will begin ; peace will take its departure, affections be alienated, and home will be clouded. )

Whatever advantage there is in age and experience must be used in behalf of the young. Every lesson a father can teach his son, or a mother her daughter, should be diligently communicated. Many a father and mother have failed to appreciate their high duty here ; and, through a false modesty, lessons were untaught, until experience, perhaps, has become the school where they have been learned in a way that has brought sorrow to the heart and a cloud on the life. Home is a school, where the lessons of the inner life are best learned ; and every parent is by nature a teacher in this school. The child



looks to you. God requires you to train up your children in the paths of virtue; to teach his statutes to them, and educate them for his kingdom.

Every home must have law. Parental authority must be enforced. The more implicitly the child is taught to obey, the happier it will be. Suffer your children to grow up in disregard of law, and they can not be good members of society. To allow your child to disobey your commands, presuming that these are reasonable, is to sin against God and betray your trust.

Never contend with a child, but compel obedience. There are two ways of doing this: First, with reason; secondly, by persuasion. Show the child the reasonableness of your mandates. Never scold a child. Talk with it patiently; but be very calm. If you allow yourself to grow angry and scold, the child, being human, may grow angry and scold you, break with you, and you will lose your influence. Always let the rod be the last resort. Never keep a rod in view; never banter the spirit to conflict, by heaping on it your threats of what you will do—and then never do it. But, then, law must not be enforced in the heat of passion. Be cool, be calm, or your words will not have weight.)

Teach your child self-government. An old

writer has said: "Cultivate liberality, as opposed to greediness; gentleness, instead of passion." If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good-humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to industry. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, curb him by counsel and wholesome discipline. Remember that a rod properly used is a Divine institution.

Do not make the mistake of holding out to your child the idea that you will leave it a fortune, and therefore exertion will not be needed. You can not do your child a greater wrong. Young men who begin life where their fathers leave off, usually leave off where their fathers began—poor. There is no class of young men we pity so much as those who are unfortunately born rich. They seldom make scholars—scarcely ever become strong men. The only thing many of them can do, is to speak French badly, and play billiards well.

The home must be more attractive than the saloon, the theater, or the ball-room, and parents must try to make it so. But can we do it? you ask. You can, in most cases; at least you can try, and God will bless your efforts. Then, if you fail, you will have no self-reproaches. The most effectual way to do all we have said, is to make home what every home should be—a Chris-

tian home. There is nothing in the world so beautiful as such a home. Here all the better feelings of the human heart have full play and sweep. Such it was intended to be by its great Founder—man's domestic shrine, where heart may ever speak with heart, in the truest, in the holiest communings.

The busy world shut out, the cares of the world thrown aside or forgotten, the lamp lighted, the fire blazing on the hearth, the children happy as the birds of Spring. We know some might call this "confusion worse confounded;" but they mistake. It is the sunny side of life; and you have no more right to put a stop to all this than you have to forbid the singing of the birds, the blooming of the flowers, or the twinkling of the stars. This is the religion of nature, and just such religion as every family in the world ought to have. It is a religion which is fraught with health and happiness, that prolongs life and sweetens it. From such homes go forth cheerful men and women, to bless the world in which they live with love and smiles.

But there is still a higher kind of religion—the religion which takes form, true devotion. The reading of God's Word as a family duty, the singing of hymns of praise, coming together at the family altar, old and young appearing before

God imploring his blessing, and invoking his spirit to guide them in the steps of life. Ah, there is no scene more beautiful than a religious household gathered together at the time of prayer—heart beating with heart, hope kindling with hope, love flowing with love, and faith mounting the skies with faith! Domestic happiness has well been said to be “the only bliss which has survived the fall.”

Look, now, upon that family, and tell me, does it not present a picture of heaven? If angels of God visit us on earth, we think they come oftenest to the family where pure love dwells, sweetened with fervent piety.

But do not distort religion into a wrong phase. Piety does not dry up the sweet flow of life, it increases it. Religion makes people cheerful, because it makes them happy. Long faces and woe-begone looks do well for the Pharisee and hypocrite; but the true Christian carries sunshine in his face, and joy runs all through his life. There is a good deal of genuine religion in the play of innocent childhood, and that home where all is hushed and muffled and silent is not worthy the name. Such homes repel rather than attract to them the heart of childhood and youth.)

But what can we do to retain our children in

the paths of virtue? Do your best, some will go from you; do nothing, and all may go.

Music is one of the charms of life; and every human being loves it, the savage no less than the civilized. And there is scarcely a family that can not have music of some kind, vocal or instrumental. Music is heaven's own gift to man. It cheers his weary hours through the day, as it comes wafted on the air to the place of his toil. The mother rocks her babe to sleep with a sweet lullaby, and the morning is ushered in with Creation's grand anthem. Let your children sing. Sing with them, if you can. Procure an instrument of some kind, if it is possible. Music is refining, it is attractive, it accords well with home; it rears life into poetry, and becomes one of its chief ornaments. So the cultivation of flowers. Every cottage should have its flower-bed. Flowers are God's angels that brighten our life with their cheer and beauty.

"Flowers are the smiles of God's goodness."

Let the home be relieved of its monotony by suitable sports. Encourage whatever is right, but nothing that is wrong. Cultivate in your child moral principle in the very start. If any thing is proposed that may lead to wrong, show it to be such. Do this early in life. Teach

moral principles among the first lessons of life. These principles, properly taught, will "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," and they will be thus guarded against evil in the future. Let amusement be resorted to as a recreation; but teach the child that life is more than a mere amusement: it is a reality, a preparation for another world, a better world.

There is one other point which we must not pass by unnoticed, and that relates to health of body. As in moral health, so in physical. You have a great responsibility to meet. Much of the mortality among children is unnecessary.

(Children should be taught habits of regularity, for it promotes health. Exercise and play are as essential to a child's growth as sunshine is needful to the growth of flowers. But there are many who think more of their pigs and cattle than they do of their children.)

The lives of children are often unduly exposed for the sake of fashion.

We have been to many a funeral where the minister has spoken solemnly of the mysteries of Divine providence in calling away the child. And we doubt not this may be true in many cases; but it is a conviction we have, that death to the child often occurs from the almost unpardonable vanity of the parents in sending them

out into the cold winds of December, with low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, to parade their symmetrical forms before the gaze of the passers-by. Such vanity displeases God, makes the devil glad, and kills the child; and then it is called a mysterious dispensation of Divine providence!

Cultivate the spirit of education. Place in the hands of your child those books that are instructive as well as pleasing. Do not vex a young mind by compelling it to read books beyond its years. We once knew a lady who required her boy of a dozen Summers to sit in the house all day on the Sabbath and read "Baxter's Saint's Rest." Of course, that boy wished Baxter had never been born; and who could blame him?

Money spent for good books is by no means thrown away. By "good books" we do not mean works on "justification by faith," nor dry dissertations on Church history. These are all good in their places and for certain ages and conditions of mind. But we refer to those publications which attract the young mind, which contain the very pith of the Gospel in beautiful story, interspersed with anecdote, made brilliant with illustration, and written to please the young. A few dollars saved out of other expenses, and put into a library of this kind,



will come back with more than ten per cent interest.

But you say, "The Sabbath-school furnishes just this reading." It does it in part, as far as it can; but it can not do all. Every family should have a library of its own. But you plead poverty. No matter. We say, Start a library. If you have only four books—a Bible, hymn-book, dictionary, and almanac—put them upon a shelf, with all their dignity; and if you have no shelf, get a few boards and make shelves. Then take care of the books; add to them whenever you can, one by one—put there nothing but what you know is good—and in a few years you will see the results of your labor in a good library and cultivated young people around you. But you say, "We have access to the 'Ladies' Library,' and other libraries." These are great blessings, or ought to be; but it is not equal to owning books yourself. You want solid and standard books, as well as story-books. We think the taste, now, is mostly for something light. In most of our library-rooms, one can pick out the solid books by their clean and beautiful appearance. They are too solid to be handled, and there they stand unmarred. But cast your eyes over the shelves, and see the worn, soiled book, and, depend upon it, there is a charming novel



almost every time, which, when you have read, you have been pleased, but little profited. Fiction is the rage every-where, alas! too much.

Then, there is the religious newspaper, which should be taken in every family. It will cost from one to three dollars a year, and come freighted every week with every kind of news from the four quarters of the globe, with poetry and art, with politics and religion, with wit and amusing anecdote; and yet you deny yourself such an educator because it costs you the pitiful sum of five cents a week, while you would not go without your tobacco at any price.

Parents owe it to their children to supplement all the libraries in the city, and the world, by a collection of books of their own—books that shall be companions of the home life. You owe it to your children to put into their hands, as they are growing up, a first-class weekly paper, and thus turn their minds to the pursuit of useful knowledge. Thereby you will keep out publications of a vicious character. Put on your shelves, this year, Bancroft's "History of the United States;" next year, Macaulay's "History of England," which is not complete, but it is as attractive as a poem. Put there such works as Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." Put there Ruskin's writings; Lives of Bunyan, Luther,

Whitefield, Wesley, Chalmers. Then, spend your evenings with your children; read to them, and have them read to you. Do you say this savors of Utopia? We answer, we have known several families, poor families, who did this, and they surpassed their neighbors in culture and refinement. One-tenth of the money laid out for that which is absolutely useless in many of our families, would make scholars of our children, and might save them not only from ignorance, but from vice.

Give children liberty, but do not give them too much. Restraint is wholesome; and a child that can not bear restraint will grow up selfish, instead of generous, and will never be happy, never be useful in society. Let boys be out at all hours of the day or night, and their ruin becomes almost certain. Under cover of darkness, and away from the gentle influences of home and parental restraint, they are in a school where profligacy is learned, where vicious thoughts enter the mind, and where, step by step, they go downward through vile conversation and sinful actions, until they become morally debased—ruined.

A home should be religious. How else can all its ends be accomplished? The family is God's first government. "It is not good for

man to be alone." We know some will ask, who can come up to this standard? Perhaps you can not; but come as near it as you can. And you can only do this by seeking Divine aid, taking your families with you to the Throne of Grace. If you are Christ-like, as you ought to be, if you take the Bible as your guide, you may succeed. Your children will reverence your piety, and obey your words.

It will aid the work if you take the children to church. In the olden times, the whole family went to meeting; all went, even the baby. There was no other way; it was a veritable necessity. Well, our opinion is, the baby, which is too young to appreciate the service, had better be kept at home, unless the mother's getting there depends on taking the child. We would rather have the baby come, and even cry a little once in a while, than to have the young mother perpetually deprived of the benefits of church-going. Yet the prudent mother, if she take her child, will sit near the door, where she can retire if the occasion shall require it.

But when the child arrives at an age when even a portion of the services can be appreciated, it should be taught to go, systematically; not to sit in some distant seat in the gallery, but in the family-seat. It should be taught order and

regularity, and thus give it the habit of going to church; for you know we do much from habit—it has a wonderful power over us. Associate with the lives of the children the hymns we sing and the solemn services of the Church, and in after-life these things will not be forgotten by them.

Let us sum it all up: A home should be a shrine of devotion to God. Have there a family altar, and take as much pains to lead your children to Christ as you do to get them into society. Be as careful to lead them into heart-purity as you are to make them fashionable.

O, the judgment of the Great Day will reveal some strange inconsistencies, even on the part of Christian parents in relation to their children! Endeavor to make home the most attractive place in the world to your children. Let it be cheerful with music and conversation; let wholesome literature and innocent sports have their place in the family. If not, there will be some excuse for their seeking enjoyment elsewhere. Make home in every sense what it should be, and in most cases the young people will love it; and they will go from it cheerful men and women, to bless the world with similar homes.

We have said there is nothing in the world so lovely as a beautiful Christian home. It may be

poor in what the world calls grandeur, but rich in all that makes a true home. How the heart clings to it! The weary son of toil lays down the implements of labor as the

“Length’ning shadows, o’er the mead,  
Proclaim the close of day.”

And where does he go? Home, to his humble cot, where his faithful spouse and prattling babe wait to greet and cheer him with love and smiles. What a heaven home is to the working-man!

The man of office and of business, distracted with care, saddened with losses, vexed with disappointment, closes his ledger, locks his safe, fastens his doors, and retreats from the battle-field of a busy life to his home, where he lives in true and loving hearts. There is a hand to wipe away the sweat from his brow, a voice of music to soothe his anxious spirit; there are little eyes that sparkle and little hearts that gush with life at his coming. Home is our paradise on earth. Life, with its activities and ceaseless labors, is but dry prose. Home, with its cheer and love and religion, is the poetry of our earthly existence :

“The light of home, how still and sweet  
It gleams from yonder cottage door,  
The weary laborer to greet.  
When the rough toils of day are o’er !

Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings which those beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow  
To lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light of home."

It is one of the sad thoughts of life that our families must soon be broken up. It is a decree of God. That fire must die out, that light must grow dim; father and mother will pass away to the tomb, to the "undiscovered country;" the children will grow up, and depart to other homes, which they will form for themselves.

But is there no relief? no silver lining to this cloud?

Go into your garden, where all the flowers are in full bloom. Those flowers will fade and fall, those leaves will wither and crisp at the touch of the Autumn frosts; those stalks and stems will crumble under the chafing winds of Winter.

But shall they not bloom again? O, yes; the ice-bands will melt away, the snows will dissolve, the balmy breezes will come from the South, the warm sun will shine out of the heavens, the flowers will bloom again and fill the air with sweetest aroma.

And so shall it be with our families. Is not this our hope? Would we have it otherwise? The Winter of death will lay all this fair heritage waste, the frosts will nip the early blossoms, the

snows of Winter will hide us all beneath their white folds ; but the death-winter will pass away, the light of heaven will pierce the grave ; the Sun of righteousness will rise in glory, " with healing in his wings ;" the flowers that have faded shall bloom again, the friends that have parted meet again. This is our hope.

There was one day in our own personal history that will never fade out of the recollection. Many have had a like experience. O, how well we remember that day ! It was in Spring-time, just when the birds began to come from the South, when erst the patches of green grass told us of the warm days and bright flowers of the coming Summer.

Around the cottage where we lived, there was gathered a group of neighbors, old and young. Men were there who came not very often, strangers our young eyes never saw before. We remember the solemn religious service, the hushed whisper, the muffled footsteps ; we yet can see those strong men take that coffin on a bier and bear it away. We can yet hear the mournful tolling of the church-bell, yet see the slow procession winding its way toward the grave-yard.

From that strange, sad day, we went forth a motherless boy to battle with the great world, to climb the rugged hills of life, to go into its



deep valleys, to traverse its wide plains. Our angel had departed; home was never home after that sad day as it had always been before.

Yet she whom we loved "is not dead, but sleepeth." We honor her and cherish the memory of that mother, though more than a quarter of a century has passed since her dying hand touched our boyish face, and gave a dying mother's blessing. We shall meet her again. She lives in our life, and shall till we meet in heaven. It is our ambition, and has been ever since we turned from that grave, to be as good a man as she wished and prayed we might be.

#### A STORY.

THERE was a gentle rap at the door of an old man's cottage, one cold December night, by the hand of a stranger seeking shelter from the storm that raged without. The venerable man rose with dignity and grace becoming his age and his nature, and bid the stranger enter.

"You are all alone," said the stranger to the old man, "I perceive."

"Alone, and not alone," said he, in a subdued and solemn voice.

"What may I understand, my aged friend, by your being 'alone, and yet not alone?'" said the stranger.



"Sir," said the venerable man, fixing his eyes upon his stranger guest, "this was once the home of a happy family;" and the old man arose and looked out of the window, as if to hail the coming of those he loved; but his heart seemed too full for utterance. He stood gazing on the darkness without; but not a word he spoke.

"Tell me your story," said the stranger to the lonely occupant of the cottage.

A moment of silence passed, and then the old man said:

"Many years ago there lived, in this house, a family whose hearts were bound in one. There used to be here a good and gentle woman; but she is not here to-night, sir;" and the old man wiped the falling tear from his withered cheek, and again walked and looked out of the window on the dark and dreary night. Returning to his seat, he fixed his eyes upon the blazing brands; and, after a moment's meditation, turning to the stranger, he said: "Once there were here three happy children, but they are not here to-night, sir;" and again he walked and looked out of the window. "Ah, she was a darling little girl, was Mary, with her bright eyes, her golden ringlets, and her loving little arms that she used to throw around my neck as I came home from my work, sir!" and the big tear stole down his

cheek. He continued: "One day when I came home, Mary was sick. Her eyes were dull, her cheeks were feverish; and, sir, she died." And, walking to the window, he said: "Sir, she lies yonder; but it's too dark to see."

"Two little boys were left, sir; and you may be sure I loved them. One day the youngest was skating on the ice, and it broke through, and he was swept away down the current of the great river, and we never saw him again. Ah, sir, Johnny was a beautiful boy. Then my eldest, and only one left, was seized with a strange sickness; and he died there, in that corner of the room, and we buried him along with Mary, sir, just over the ravine on that sunny knoll; but it's too dark to see." And the old man sighed as he walked to the window, and looked out on the wild, dark night.

"Then Agnes and I were all alone here; and then she, poor woman, could not stand up under such blows. She grew pale and feeble; and, sir, one day she lay down on that cot, and said she was not well. She grew very sick, and the doctor said she must die. And she died, sir; and we buried her just over the ravine, along with Willie and Mary." And again the old man walked to the window, and looked out upon the pitchy darkness of the night.

And thus he sat and looked with tear-dimmed eyes on the blazing fire of the hearth.

"Now, sir," said he, "I am all that is left of the family. First went Mary to her angel-home, then Johnny; then Willie and Agnes, to meet them on the shining shore. We are nearly all gone. I am all that is left."

And he walked across the room, and took from its place, on the shelf beside the clock, the old family Bible, brown with age, with tear-marks on many a page. He laid it on the table, and said:

"Stranger, Agnes and I used to read this book together every night and morning. We read it to our children. Now they are all gone away to the distant land, and I am left to read it alone. Here, stranger, I find my comfort. It tells me of a spirit-land, it tells me of heaven. I shall meet my dear ones again—my Agnes, my Willie, my Johnny, my Mary—by and by."

And, as he spoke of that better land, his face lost its look of sadness, his eye grew bright with the hopes of the Christian.

"Yes," said he, "it will not be long. My locks, stranger, you see, are getting white. I am trembling now. I shall soon lie down by the side of my loved wife and children, just over there on the little knoll; but I shall hail them where they who meet shall never part."

And the venerable man ceased to mourn.  
His weeping was turned into joy.

So it is with us all. Our days are passing away, our homes have a short history. One after another leaves this home on earth. Soon all will be gone. O, happy will it be if we all meet again! Earth has its ills, but Heaven heals them all. Life has its sorrows, but Heaven will pay us back with joys eternal, immortal.

“As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh ;  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are far away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.”





## CHAPTER V.

### **Labor and Its Reward.**

*"The noblest men we know on earth  
Are men whose hands are brown with toil ;  
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
Hew down the woods and till the soil,  
And win thereby a nobler fame  
Than follows king's or warrior's name."*



WHERE we will, we see men at work. We feel, at times, a degree of self-reproach, too, as we ride leisurely along with the hum of industry on every side of us.

There is, however, no need of any reproaches ; for, even in our frequent drives with the Black Horse and Carryall, we are busy with our thoughts, picking up many an illustration for a sermon ; and, coming into such direct contact with nature, that we are only the better fitted for our work.

Too much seclusion has spoiled many a good man's health and happiness, as well as usefulness.

Bodies made torpid by inaction have had their influence on the world's theology. Sour stomachs have made a great many sour ministers. Stones and trees, as well as books, have sermons in them. The great world around us is a constant sermon, delivered in God's great temple to preachers as well as laymen.

In what a busy world we live! Every thing is in motion. If we cast our eyes into the vaults of space above us, all is motion there. Those worlds, on which the eye looks with wonder, go onward in their course, as if keeping time to some lofty anthem sung by spirit-voices before the throne of God. The comet rushes forward in its eccentric orbit, it may be to become, in the course of the ages, a world like our own, on whose bosom rational beings shall have a home, to add to the systems which compose the universe. Mysterious travelers! They may possibly be the "gulf-streams" of the heavens, whose mission is to diffuse some subtile force through space, as the Gulf-stream of the Atlantic pours the accumulated heat of the tropics upon the icy poles of the North. Or it may be they are the balance-wheels which the Almighty Builder has put in motion to preserve and equalize the stupendous system of heavenly mechanics. But is it not true, at least, that, whatever their mission

may be, they are not idle? They come and go, through the centuries; and look down on us once in a thousand years; and then return to the mysterious depths of space from which they came. Look out on the heavens at night, and each star is a busy world; each cluster, a busy system of worlds; many of them far grander than our own, it may be,—and all this glittering host is tuned to an anthem of praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne of the universe. With what beauty did the poet Addison sing of this wonderful system!

“What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found;  
In reason’s ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine.”

But our own world is active; it teems with life and motion every-where. Go to the ocean, and look into its dark caverns, and what life and activity you will discover! In the beginning God said, “Let the sea bring forth abundantly;” and the sea has obeyed the omnipotent decree. The mighty whale, the leviathan of Job, whose motions set the waters to foaming; the voracious shark, that dashes through those dark waters like a thunder-bolt through the cloud; and all

the lesser tribes in uncounted myriads, until you reach the animalculæ, where millions may be seen sporting in a drop of stagnant water,—how almost infinite their numbers, and how ceaseless their activities! And this whole mass of life moves to its appointed destiny with all the precision of clock-work. Some of these living wonders seem almost motionless—as the sea-anemone, which clings to its rocky home when the tide has retired; or the tiny barnacle, which makes the sea-rock look gray—yet all of these have their mission, and are never idle. The ocean, on whose sandy beach we have so often passed the sultry days of August, is one vast work-house, in which ten thousand times ten thousand living beings ply the hammer and the saw with never-failing skill, while through them all the Infinite Creator

“Treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.”

Not less has the Almighty stamped the seal of activity on things terrestrial. The birds of the forest are a busy, active host. The humble lark, in her lowly meadow-nest, sounds the note of action; and forest and meadow ring with their myriad notes of praise. On all the earth, the animal kingdom moves forward to its appointed destiny. From the massive elephant, whose



ponderous tread jars the earth, down through all earth's uncounted hosts, until you reach the insect or infusoria which can only be seen by the microscope, there is nothing but activity—the most constant, unvarying, and beautiful.

And now, let me ask you, is this not the arrangement of God? Has not the Infinite Father made all nature to be man's teacher? Is not every busy ant, every humming bee, every insect, every thing that hath life, the workmanship of God? He has ordained their natures, and given them a mission, a life. He has a purpose in all he has made. There is as evident a design in the laws of life and animal activity, as in the mechanical laws which govern the worlds as they roll onward in their orbits. God is in all his works. Their foundations are laid in wisdom, and in goodness has he made them all.

But, let us inquire, is man an exception to this rule? or is he also to be governed by this law of universal activity?

The necessity of labor has its foundation in the laws of life. If we examine into man's physical and mental constitution, we shall find that he is made for activity, for labor of some kind. Why have we the power of rapid locomotion? That we may go from place to place in the pursuit of either business or pleasure. Thus moving

about, we meet our fellow-men, in commerce, in trade, and in the social relations of life. These powers were not bestowed on man to sit in the shade of palms, or lounge away his existence in the lap of indolence, but for industrious pursuits, such as we shall show to be ennobling alike to mind and heart.

Look at the skill of the human hand, as it works out and fashions matter into forms whose symmetry and perfection astonish us. Take your watch ; inspect its delicate wheels, and the beautiful adjustment of its various parts so that the hour-hand moves round with the sun. Or examine that fine gold-chain which dangles at your bosom ; how perfect it is, and how wonderful the machine that cut, joined together, and polished the links which form it. See, will you ? that splendid locomotive, that walks its iron pathway like a thing of life. Or look at the complicated workmanship of your sewing-machine, or your piano. Go into any of our factories, and see those curious looms employed in weaving the various fabrics used in our wardrobes. Think of the inventive genius which called all these machines into existence, and the skill of the hands that formed them, and tell us, was not all this planned by Him who made all things ? Was not this power of invention, this ability to

fashion matter, designed by the great Architect of our being? We surely can not fail to be impressed with the truth of the proposition that activity is a law of our very existence.

Again, we may observe another fact. Man is the most powerful of all the beings which God has placed on the earth. We speak not of man in the aggregate, but of man as an individual. No animal is equal to him in power. He is stronger than the horse, whose neck, Job says, is "clothed with thunder." He is mightier than the lion whose fierce growl echoes through the African jungles. He is more powerful than the slow, plodding ox that lies heavily against the yoke.

Man's power lies in the fact that he is a mechanic. His mind commands, the elements obey him. The engineer upon the railway is, perhaps, our best illustration of this. There lies on the track a ponderous train of many freighted cars. What shall move this mighty mass? Nothing but some powerful engine. The engine is made and fastened to the train, but it does not move. The engine is only inert matter. You kindle a fire in the furnace, and the steam is generated in the boiler; but yet it does not move. Now, see that man take his place on the platform. He wills that this train shall move. He lays his hand upon the lever—opens

the throttle-valves; the pent-up steam obeys his mandate; the mighty wheels begin to revolve; the ponderous train is all in motion! Had not the man willed, it never would have moved an inch from its place.

Mind is the great power in the universe. This it is that is supreme; the forces of nature are subordinate to mind. It was mind, acting upon material forces, that moved the train.

If we can see more distinctly through a pair of spectacles than we can without them, then the spectacles sustain a relation to the mind, or spiritual being, quite like that which is sustained by the health of eye; for the body is only the house in which the soul or spirit dwells. It is the mind, not the physical eye, that sees.

To illustrate still further: the soldier, who walks on crutches, walks just as surely as if he had not been maimed in battle. It is the soul which pants for home and friends; and the crutch becomes, for the time, a part of himself; on it the soul travels. And so, when we speak of a man's strength, he makes material forms and forces the media on which the mind acts; and hence a child, with the weight of its hand on a lever of sufficient length, will move a weight which would defy the strength of a hundred horses. Is it not true, then, that man is the

most powerful being in the world, holding in his hand the reins of force, guiding it into paths of his own marking, and making it subservient to his uses ?

All this is implied in the words of God, where he says: "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

That all animate creation is subject to man, no one doubts. That, in the use of steam, electricity, chemical agencies, the sunbeam, the winds, and mechanical forces, he is master "over all the earth," is as apparent as any one thing in his history. In the language of Young,

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !  
How passing wonder he who made him such,  
Who centered in our make such strange extremes !"

But all this is a pledge of the goodness of God to man, who is thus elevated above the beasts of the field. To him, only, is given dominion over fish and fowl, beast and creeping thing. He, alone, controls the forces of the material world.

How often has the question been asked, Was not this destiny of labor the fruit of the Fall in Eden? We know it is a common opinion that, if sin had not entered into the heart of the race,

mankind would not have been doomed to constant toil. Let it, however, be understood, that to labor was man's appointed destiny ; it was his normal condition before the Fall, and his necessary condition after it. Before the Fall, labor was sweet ; after that, it became bitter. Before this dreadful lapse, "God took the man whom he had made, and put him into the garden, to dress it and to keep it." Adam was not created to be an idler, to lie in the shade of palms in inglorious indolence, while all nature was active around him. His business was to "dress and keep" the garden ; but subsequently he was doomed to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Nor was he created to endure the drudgery of toil forever ; but to be active, to use his powers, to invent machinery, to command the elements. Sin, however, has sent him to hard fields, in which there is no dishonor, but hardship. He will rise above it ; and when the emancipation comes, and come it will, he will be the same active being he is now, but will be a king enthroned over the earth.

God has planned the world for action. When he made it, he wound it up for all time. Its wheels are revolving, its pendulum swings across the arc of time, whose seconds are the centuries of the world's life.

We love to look upon the labor of the hand ; for it is written in the great book of nature that no idler shall blot the fair face of this beautiful world-heritage, and he who idles away life, an inglorious drone in this hive of activity, deserves to be cast out ; for idleness is crime—crime against nature, crime against God. It is written in the highest law, “Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.” Not only is it crime, it is the mother of disease. Idleness acts on the human organism like rust on the blade. It weakens the muscles, which God intended should be strong. It vitiates the blood, which nature would have course through the body in a perpetual, life-producing stream. It dissipates the native energies of the whole man, converting him into a mere phantom, and makes him of less value than a butterfly. Idleness is the parent of poverty. Nine-tenths of all the pauperism in the world may be traced back to this prime cause, and its associate, intemperance. It thus fills our almshouses, asylums and prisons, and puts a stigma on our race. “An idle brain is the devil’s workshop.”

Nothing, then, is more clear than that every human being should have something to do. Every man should work at some trade, follow some kind of occupation, either of hand or brain.



The poor man is compelled to earn his living by hard toil. The rich man should earn his daily bread; and he who is either too indolent or too proud to work, is not too good to starve.

What sight is more offensive than that of a man, created in God's image, possessed of strong arm and good brain, walking the streets with his hands thrust down into his pockets, sponging, begging, or stealing a living; and, at the same time, saying to every one he meets, "The world owes me a living, and I am sure to get it?" The world owes you a living? It owes you no such thing. What have you done to bring the world in debt to you? What great work have you wrought? Have you recovered some Pompeii from the ashy tomb of the centuries? Have you touched some desert with a magic wand and made it to teem with life? Have you made some wilderness bud and blossom as the rose? Have you gone forward on some grand mission of love and goodness, and converted the sorrows of mankind into joys? Why do you thus flatter yourself that the world owes you a living? Or have you startled mankind with some new invention that will give it a fresh lease of life through all coming time? No! Then how dare you say the world owes you a living? Ah, the world owes you nothing, but you owe the world a



thousand times more than you will ever be able to pay. Tax your powers to the utmost, do all you can from the moment you begin to live until you sink into the slumbers of the tomb, and you will die in debt to the world.

The earth has given you a good home on her bosom; year after year she has fed you with food convenient; the clouds have sped their way from sea to mountain, and mountain to valley, to drop their fatness at your feet; the breezes have fanned your brow; the gushing spring has quenched your thirst; the fire has warmed you in Winter; and a thousand beauties, in earth, air and ocean, have gladdened your eyes: and what have you done in return for all these gifts? Nothing but loiter about the sidewalks of life, telling the multitudes that push by with active step, the world owes you a living! Call to your mind the oft-quoted lines of an old poet, almost forgotten:

“For me, kind nature wakes her genial powers,  
Suckles each plant, and spreads out all the flowers;  
Annual for me the grass, the rose renew  
The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;  
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;  
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies,”

There is genuine dignity in labor. It is God-

like. "For in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." Thus the Creator has revealed himself to us as a worker.

The dignity of labor arises out of the fact that it is in perfect harmony with the constitution and course of nature, which is every-where and always active. Hence, man should have a calling of some kind; and, if the man is to be active and industrious, the boy should be taught a trade or brought up to a profession. What is true of the boy, is also true of the girl. Every mother owes it to her daughter, that she teach her to do something useful to society and to feel that labor is honorable, that idleness is dishonorable. We say, then, to every young man, Be a proprietor, if you can, but if you can not, then remember that it is equally honorable to be an employé. All trades are in themselves useful, and consequently honorable. The first man was a farmer, and this class of working-men have always been in the front rank. The smith who wields the heavy sledge upon the anvil, the merchant at his counter, the clerk at his desk, the lawyer at the bar, the physician by the bed of sickness, the nurse in the hospital, the shoemaker on his bench, the maid-of-all work in the

kitchen, and thus on through the whole catalogue of vocations,—all are worthy ; and, though some of them may seem lowly, yet, in view of the fact that we are all dependent on each other, there is no good reason why one person should ever look down upon another because of inferior occupation. He who was prophet, priest, and king, thought it not beneath his royal dignity to gird himself with a servant's apron, and wash the feet of his brethren.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part : there all the honor lies.”

An eminent American statesman, some years ago, when speaking of society, compared it to a watch. “I have now in my hands,” said he, “a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, and emerald. I open it, and find that the works—without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell, those hands be motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigate still further, and ask, What is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask, What is

steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring—without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys—is not of gold, that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass, that would not do; but of iron. Iron, then, is the only precious metal. And this watch is an emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour of the day, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling appendages are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master-spirits of the age are moved. And its iron mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of except when it is disorderly, broken, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the payment of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity; and, though constantly at work and absolutely necessary to the movement of society, as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages or are in some want or disorder of some kind or another.”

This eloquent extract is in part true, and in

part it is not. In countries where the masses of the people are shut up in profound ignorance, they are indeed quite forgotten by the so-called higher classes. But in this country it is not so. That there is in every land a class of people which answers to the useless parts of a watch—those who do nothing for society, mere hangers-on—is true. Nothing is more true than that the working men and women are the mainspring of society; and without their daily toil in the shop and on the farm, society would come to a standstill. Our laboring men are honored; they are seen, felt.

The Americans, as a class, are a laboring people, and their industries have been honored. We deem it truly noble to work in any department of industry. Our sturdy yeomanry, skillful mechanics, and thrifty traders are our pride. We understand that labor elevates the whole people, that the best and happiest men are they whose days are passed in useful toil. In pagan China, the emperor goes into the field once a year, and works with his own hands, to give to labor the royal sanction.

That was a beautiful instance in Roman story, told in honor of the working-man. When the army of Minucius Felix, the Consul, was surrounded by enemies who were fighting against

the Empire, and a dictator was necessary to secure the safety of the State, delegates were sent to summon the most eminent Roman to the post of responsibility. The man chosen was Cincinnatus, whom they found on his farm, plowing his own fields. The great Roman farmer laid aside the implements of toil, donned the soldier's garb, took command of the troops, marched them upon the enemy, rescued the country from its threatened peril, and then returned to the plow.

Not much less grand was it, when Ulysses S. Grant left the place of active labor when our country was in peril, entered the army, rose rapidly to the highest rank, marched his army from victory to victory, until he placed the Nation's flag on every fortress from which rebel hands had dragged it! Peter the Great worked at the trade of a ship-builder, with his own hands. David the King was a keeper of sheep on the plains of Bethlehem. In ancient mythology, we read that the stately Juno was given to Jupiter; the goddess Bellona was the spouse of the fiery Mars; but to Vulcan, the strong-armed blacksmith, the god of toil, they gave Venus, the goddess of beauty. This allusion, at least, serves as an illustration of a great principle.

But a better illustration is at hand in the Bible, where we learn that Peter, James, and

John were fishermen of Galilee ; Luke was a physician ; Matthew was a tax-gatherer under the Romans ; Paul, the "prince of the apostles," as he has been styled, was a tent-maker, who worked at his trade frequently for self-support, and then preached to the people on the Sabbath ; while Jesus was a carpenter by trade, working, until he was thirty years of age, with his reputed father, in the villages and houses of Galilee. Surely, the laboring-man may feel honored by the illustrious names which are found on the roll of working-men.

America honors labor, in her promotion of laboring-men to the high places of trust. Many great men of the present day we might mention, but prefer to speak rather of the men of past generations. Washington was a practical surveyor and farmer, as well as commander-in-chief of the armies, and President of the United States. Franklin was a printer by trade. He rose to the highest fame as a man of science, and was distinguished as a Minister from the United States to the most elegant court, at that day, in Europe—the French. Our heroic Greene, of Revolutionary fame, was a blacksmith. Warren, whose blood baptized the soil of the Old Bay State, at Bunker Hill, consecrating it forever to the cause of human liberty, was a practising



physician in the then "town of Boston." Sumter, like the youthful King of Israel, was a shepherd. Roger Sherman was a shoe-maker. Marion, Stark, Putnam, and Allen were farmers. Hancock was a ship-builder. Trumbull was an artist.

And, while we honor labor and the laboring-men, they, in turn, honor their country. The genius of Liberty presides at the shrine of American politics; but the genius of Labor has made our country what it is. Go aboard that stately craft, at whose mast-head floats our ensign of liberty, and you can not but feel a righteous pride in your breast; but look at the noble vessel on whose deck you stand—then you think of the genius and labor of Fulton, with no less gratitude than you do of Washington and his liberty-loving compatriots. Take your seat in the midst of your family, with the page of the new book bright before you—then remember that this is the product not only of genius, but of persistent labor.

These sublime words of Inspiration are indeed replete with meaning: "Six days shalt thou labor." Here is the key of our independence, and the secret of human thrift. Here is the grand source of individual and national wealth and prosperity—our Eureka, that we shout in



the ears of the world. But stop the forge-hammer, the saw, the plane, the wheel, and our glory would soon depart.

The Divine prescription which says, "Six days shalt thou labor," means that we must be systematic in all our energies; commence Monday morning, and keep it up until Saturday evening. Always be employed in doing something; have some good end in view. Work for ourselves; work for others. Do good to every body. Drop a kind word here, and do a kind act there. Be saving of time, never wasting it in idle deeds or idle conversation; for

"Time destroyed  
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Labor has its reward. The toiler toils not in vain. To the man of work, there comes the sweet consciousness that labor wears the crown in this busy world. "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me on my throne." Labor enthrones us, in more senses than one. It develops us. What would the world be without it? Labor in the mine brings forth the rich treasures of the earth; the labor of the soil gives us bread. The labor of the shop places at our disposal the implements of our high civilization. For all we have, we are indebted to man as a laborer somewhere.

This world is full of mutual dependencies. Every-where, whether we realize it or not, man is his "brother's keeper." The productions of one clime are developed by the toiling hand, and by the hand of our brother man they are transferred, over land and sea, to other and distant parts of the world.

The Creator has rendered the different parts of the earth unlike in their fruits, grains, and minerals, for the very purpose of affording man employment, and of harmonizing the race and showing its unity. He has hid beneath a veil the secrets of science, that the brain may labor to bring them forth to light and use. He has hid the treasures of gold and silver in the earth's deep places, that the hand of man may labor to bring them forth. All our luxuries, all our necessities, come to us with the stamp of human genius and industry. The hat upon your head; the coat on your back; the rich and costly fabric you wear; the shoe that protects your foot from the frozen earth; the pin with which you fasten your collar or cuff, so small and simple; the tiny needle, that emblem of household economy; the food you eat; the bed on which you repose; the walls that ward off the chill blast of a wintry night; the roof that catches the falling rain; the coach or car in which you ride for

profit or pleasure ; the watch on whose dial-plate you take your reckoning of time ; and the whole list of your wants,—all are stamped with the seal of human industry.

But the highest reward is that which labor gives the laborer in personal development. Man is only and truly man when he spends his energies of soul and body on some great enterprise, worthy of the genius and power of humanity. Hence, he who does not labor in some way is a failure. .

Labor enriches. Property is one of the rewards of industry. Some obtain more than others ; but, then, inequality affords the opportunity of benevolence. If all had enough, then none could know the blessedness of giving. Thus the poor have a mission as well as the rich ; the one to receive, the other to give—while blessings come to the giver above the receiver.

Let us labor, then, for the development of the treasures of wealth and of science, which are laid up in store for all who will have them. Seek diligently for the highest perfection of manhood and womanhood. Put forth your best exertions, that you may lay up something to provide for your wants when the heart beats slowly and the eye grows dim with age. Labor, that you may have a dollar to put into the hand of a suffering,

needy brother or sister, that may be reached out to you as you go along the journey of life. Labor, that you may be a true man, that you may be godlike ; and never give up, but labor on. If you fail now, try again ; keep on trying. Success will come ; if not in this world, then in the next. Your labors, your disappointments, your poverty even, shall all work together for your good. Your labor, if performed in the right spirit, shall not be in vain.

Work on, but do not worry. It is worry that eats up our lives—the worm of the soul, whose sting is fatal. Robust labor of hand or head makes us strong, and adds years to life. It is hard to put more on a man than he can bear. The mind, like the arch, gains strength from pressure. It is not the revolution of the wheel that destroys the machine, but the friction. As rust will eat up the blade, so worry will eat up the soul. Some one has well said, “Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are the sweet juices of life.”

Then, too, consider that all of our activities should be directed toward one single end—our high spiritual destiny. All should be laid at the feet of Christ, the world's Redeemer. Every thing we do should have about it the aroma of goodness. Our life-calling, whatever it may be—

whether profession, mechanic art, or tiller of the soil—all should be made in some way contributory to our highest interests, our moral uplifting and development.

Then, gird on the apron; make bare the stalwart arm; seize the sledge, the saw, or the plane; strike the heated iron; shape the oak or pine; mold the plastic clay; fashion the liquid metal; measure the costly goods; weave the useful fabric; drive the shuttle at the loom, the pen at the desk. Let our streets echo to the heavy wheels of industry; let our valleys resound with the scream of the locomotive; let our lakes, rivers, and seas be alive with the white-winged ships of commerce; let our marts of trade keep up their busy hum,—but let all these energies be consecrated to the good of humanity. Thus shall we fulfill our life-mission, and work out the true destiny of the world.


“God bless the noble working-men,  
Who rear the cities of the plain;  
Who dig the mine, and build the ships,  
And drive the commerce of the main!  
God bless them! for their swarthy hands  
Have wrought the glory of our lands.”



## CHAPTER VI.

### The Christian Petisan.

*"Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,  
Explains all mysteries, except her own ;  
And so illuminates the path of life  
That fools discover it, and stray no more."*

 HERE are people, not a few, who are forever finding fault with God for putting them in such a world as this. They call it a "mean world."

The truth is, if one looks through a piece of green glass, every thing is green ; or through blue glass, every thing is blue. The world is very much as we view it. A light and cheerful heart puts beautiful colors on every thing—transforms every thing. So a gloomy and faithless heart hides every thing under a veil.

It is our mission in life to look for the pure, the lovely, the good—not their reverse. We must not complain because there are thorns

growing on the rose-bush, but be glad to find the rose blooming on the thorn-bush.

There are many dark days in each year ; but there are more that are bright. There are many ships wrecked, and railroad-trains smashed ; but how many ships are not wrecked, and how many trains go safely on their journey !

The world is beautiful. If any one doubts it, let him take a drive of only a few miles in the country, with his eyes open—see the fields clothed with verdure, inhale the sweet air on a balmy morning—and he will understand why David called upon the trees to “clap their hands”—a passage of Scripture which can only be understood by one whose heart is right, and who sees the trees.

All nature speaks of God, tells of his wisdom and his power. How any one can see a field of corn or wheat growing, and yet be an atheist, is a mystery.

These works of God show forth his glory. Even the smallest flower which lifts its blushing face to receive the kiss of the passing breeze, can not be explained but by taking God into the account. Men admit this, and turn and ask us, Is not this enough ? Why go further ? What higher knowledge can there be than this ?

Nature does not teach us all we need to know.

Nature can not tell us of Jesus Christ. It may illustrate the doctrine of the soul's immortality by its many analogies, but these do not prove it; for analogy really proves nothing. Within the scope of natural religion we learn much; but there are some truths which nature can not teach. Hence, the Scriptures come as a higher and special revelation. "All Scripture is given by inspiration." By this we are to understand that God raised up holy men, in olden times, to write certain things for our instruction. These writings constitute the Bible.

Let us look at it for a moment. First, there is the historical part of the Bible, which is often a dry recital of names, births, and deaths. But this has its use in tracing back the lineage of Christ to Abraham, the head of the visible Church. Then, there is the doctrinal part, which deals in moral principles for the guidance of the mind. Again, we have the prophetic part, in which the prophets foretold coming events; as in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, where the history of Christ is epitomized, and his character so fully described that skeptics have claimed that it must have been written since the days of the Savior. But we know that this book was composed by the prophet whose name it bears, eight hundred years before the birth of Jesus.



These several parts of the Bible are beautifully fitted together. They overlap and run into each other. History, doctrine, and prophecy, all are rolled into one Book of truth.

We can go to yonder telegraph-office, and send a message to London. The iron wire runs through cities and villages, along valleys, and over mountains. Here, it spans a river; and there, it plunges into the sea, and is lost to human gaze for thousands of miles. Again, it rises from the ocean's bed, and pursues its way. We go and inquire of it, and it brings us messages from distant friends. The very words they speak come to us, and we can speak to them. So the line of truth comes to us, down over the ages. We can approach it to-day, and receive a message from Moses or Elijah, John or Christ. That line runs through the historical parts, the doctrinal portions, and the prophecies. All the books of the Bible have, running through them, this line of truth. Every subject in the Bible is a testimony in favor of the Redeemer of men. He is the center and the circumference, the sum and the substance, the beginning and the end, of all revelation.

Much is said in these days against creeds, as if they were very dangerous to our freedom. Yet nothing is more true than that all men have

their creeds, written or unwritten. Indeed, we can do but little for ourselves or others without a belief of some kind. Hence, the Scriptures are given to us for our instruction in belief, in doctrine. And, then, we must not lose sight of the fact that we are responsible for our belief. You can not believe just what you please, when God's Word lies open before you, prescribing a belief, and demonstrating its absolute truthfulness by the most astounding miracles, any more than you can cling to any scientific error in the face of all the demonstrations to the contrary. The Scriptures tell us of God, of Christ, of law, and of duty. They correct our modes of thinking, and they reprove our conduct. The Bible is not a book of science, it only touches here and there upon scientific subjects. Nor is it a work on history or poetry; nay, its very mission is to man, as a sinner, and is given to instruct him in the way of life and true holiness. "It is profitable for instruction in righteousness."

The word infidelity, while it is in ordinary use confined to a disbelief in written revelation, is yet used to embrace all the different forms of unbelief among men, including deism and atheism. God has given to us power to analyze, to investigate all subjects, and he is well pleased with our inquiries. He bids us, "Search the

Scriptures." "Come, now, and let us reason together," is the language addressed to the thoughtful mind. The Scriptures will bear the closest searching. They are like the gold which can not be destroyed, though subjected to the severest tests.

The statement is often made, that whatever is logically true can not be Scripturally false, and *vice versa*; and there is a sense in which it is true. Yet we must bear in mind that the Scriptures are miraculous; we claim for them a divinity which can not be judged of by the ordinary deductions of science and logic. They are rather above our human reason, and must not be rejected on account of our failure to grasp all they teach.

We have two wings in the army to meet. First, theoretical infidelity. By this, we mean a disbelief in the doctrines taught in the Bible. These are very numerous. They apply to every condition in life, and explain every thing which is needful for us to know. But how common it is for men to avow their disbelief in the statements of revelation! We read and accept the teachings of historians, poets, and philosophers, whose claim upon our credence is not half so good as that of the writers of the Bible. Or men reject the teachings of the Bible because

therein are found mysterious things. The world is full of theoretical infidelity, and it affects adversely the condition of all men. It is no uncommon occurrence for our laboring men to imbibe the most pernicious and fatal sentiments, and live in the very shadows of the rankest infidelity. The subtile skepticism of the rationalistic philosophers reaches the farms and shops, and, assuming a less acute form, becomes the most debasing irreligion. There is scarcely an ism, or false science, which does not have its advocates in our shops and mills every-where.

There is, for instance, the "development theory," advocated by some of our materialistic philosophers of the day. We must guard against this fatal error. That which distinguishes this age, in a very particular sense, is the spirit of philosophical inquiry which pervades all classes of society. We are not possessed of stronger minds than were the men of other days, but we are in possession of many more facts. More books are written; intelligence on matters of science is more widely diffused. It is a fact, too, that is quite significant, that nearly all of the great questions which make the intellectual world throb with interest, are those which intimately concern mankind and affect the human destiny. It is not to be wondered at that, in this eager-

ness after truth, men should sometimes run into the mazes of error.

The line which marks the boundary of human reason, as distinguished from what we call instinct in the brute, is not very perceptible ; yet there is such a line. There is a place where reason mounts the throne, and makes the man ; and that being, man, controls, governs every being of mere instinct : so that there is a wide chasm, after all, between men and all other animals.

But there is a class of skeptical writers in the world who tell us that we have been developed from previously existing primal forms ; that most of what we call species, human and animal, are only varieties of the same species, and these, in turn, have descended from other and remote forms very unlike themselves ; that existing species of the present day have sprung from extinct species of the past geological ages.

Thus the links of the chain are counted backward to only a few forms in both the animal and vegetable world, or back to the beginning, when, as it were, from a single seed, planted by the hand of the Creator, all this aggregate of being has sprung.

These development men assure us that our immediate ancestors, in a direct line, are the monkeys, apes, and baboons. If this be true,

then, surely, our pride of family must suffer some humiliation, as we identify our illustrious ancestors in the monkey tribe!

But what is the origin of such a belief? Undoubtedly, men have noticed, in both the animal and vegetable world, the changes which are constantly produced in these organisms by accident, by the action of climate, food, and habits of life; so that the same animal, or the same plant, in a few generations, can scarcely be identified. Our cabbages, cauliflowers, and turnips have doubtless all sprung from one or more species of *Brassica*, which were as uneatable as wooden wedges; but cultivation has made the change. The potato, in all its variety, has sprung from the little bitter root found in South America. Our wheat grew wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, almost a worthless grass; but, under cultivation and change of soil, it has become one of the most important productions of the age.

Men have observed that animals may be cultivated and developed in a way so as quite to obliterate their former features; and, by selection of the best qualities, a superior race can be produced.

Then, looking into the rocks amid the fossils, they have noticed that there is an ascending scale; that the vertebral column—by which is

meant the back-bone—which terminates with a skull and brain, is the highest type of being. They trace it upwards through the rocks; and when they get near the top, and find man, they imagine they have discovered his origin. They tell us that the Creator began to make man millions of years ago, by making a vertebral column, and has gradually brought his idea to perfection in man as we see him.

This false theory is not new. Epicurus taught, long ago, that men and all other animals were originally produced by the ground; that the primitive earth was fat and nitrous, and the sun gradually warmed it: it was soon covered with herbage and shrubs. There also began to rise on the surface great numbers of small tumors, like mushrooms, which having in a certain time come to maturity, the skin burst, and there came forth little animals, which, gradually retiring from the place where they were produced, began to respire. Such have been the dreamy speculations of men in all ages.

We do not charge the advocates of this theory with being intentionally atheistic. The Creator could certainly have originated all the species by a law of development. Every being begins its existence as a mere germ, passing through successive stages until it reaches its maturity;

but this does not argue that nature, during her vast ages, has brought forth the human race from seeds planted millions of years ago.

Those who oppose the development theory hold to the belief that the deity has constructed the world as a mechanic builds his house; and that the different orders of beings, from the infusoria up to man, have been created by the direct power and wisdom of God. They hold to this belief from all the evidences of design in nature. They do not believe that from a mere germ of vitality, a perfect eye, with retina and delicate lenses, adapted to the laws of light, would come spontaneously into being. They know that, far back in the first ages, fishes had eyes as perfect as fishes have now.

This development theory tells us that a bird, failing to obtain its food on land, ventured into the water; and, after a few generations, a little membrane began to form about its feet, and, in the course of some millions of years possibly, became a web-foot! Thus a land-fowl grew into a duck or goose! It tells you that the neck of the giraffe was not created so in the beginning, but it developed in that way during the ages, while the giraffe family were trying to eat the tops off the trees!

The development theory demands an infinity



of time in which to work out its problems ; and this time we can grant, but it does not help the cause.

The time was when we believed that the whole universe was created about six thousand years ago ; but no intelligent man believes that now. Whatever the Almighty might do, we can not think that he did so recently call into being these worlds of space. But men ask, Does not Moses declare that he did ? We answer, No. Moses does not put a date on the creation of Jehovah. He says, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth ;" but when that beginning was, we are not told. Science explains Moses, as on these ancient pages she flashes her light. Moses does not recount the history of the earth through its long periods of formation : he only traces the present system. He gives us a picture in seven scenes, which passed, as in a beautiful vision, before the seer of God, showing the successive stages of progress in fitting up the world for the residence of mankind, the chief, the crowning work of God.

Between these two books—Nature and the Bible—there is such a correspondence, that skepticism bows its assent. If science says millions of years are demanded to explain these phenomena, the theologian can grant it without doing

violence to the Word ; so that, when time is demanded, the Bible grants it, even though it may be infinitely vast in its sweep. And this does not, in the least, impair our faith in the Word of life.

We may grant to these advocates of the development creed some plausibility of argument, in the fact of observed variability among the different species, under the influence of climate and culture. We may grant them honesty of purpose in their teaching ; but still the doctrine is radically wrong. They mistake resemblances for creations, position for parentage. If their statements are true, then have they overturned the commonly accepted doctrine of mankind on one point only ; but they have by no means proven their theory to be true. We ask, Is man, in all his nobleness, only an outgrowth of some other animal ? If so, then he must have come from those animals which he nearest resembles. Can we believe so hideous a doctrine ? As the indolent Italian stands before your door, turning the crank of his wheezing organ, and his servile monkey, with cap and scarf, leaps and dances as you toss him your pennies, can you believe that such was the origin of this godlike manhood of ours ? Is not the account given in the Bible, of man's creation by the power of God, much more

in harmony with what we feel and know of ourselves?

Again, those who have drunk in the false doctrine of man's origin, must deny the doctrine of the soul's immortality; for if such is the fact, that we have grown up through the ages in the manner they tell us, then we are merely material beings—have no souls; but, like the animals around us, when we die, that will be the end of us. All this sense of our spiritual life is but a dream, all this hope which thrills us is foundationless, and we look across the river of death to a better home in vain. Again, we leave it to you to compare the creed of the materialist with the Word of God, and decide which is best. We are not mere animals—sponges, growing with no better life—we are immortal.

“It must be so:

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into night? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.”

To accept these infidel teachings concerning our origin and condition, would inevitably lead to the rejection of the entire Word of God. The prophets sink into mere dreamers; the recorded

miracles were the sheerest illusions or deceptions ; the experiences of the millions who have gone triumphantly to their home, had no basis on which to rest. Is there aught of consolation in such a creed ? In our self-consciousness we must find the true answer ; in our experience we may have the best confirmation of the doctrines which are taught in the Holy Scriptures.

Practical infidelity deserves our consideration. Errors of belief lead to errors of practice. If the fountain is poisoned, the stream will be. Hence, to do right, we must think right. Many are too much inclined to ignore the Scriptures, they are so much engrossed with their daily business. One says : " I go to church on the Sabbath, but my business is on my mind during the entire service. I try to rid myself of worldly thoughts, but I can not." Now, that man consoles himself with the thought that poor human nature is very weak. But why, we ask, is his mind so much swayed on the Lord's-day ? It is plain. He does not think of God and his law during the week-time. All his attention is directed to business—work—from morn till night, from Monday to Saturday ; and the mind is so accustomed to these worldly thoughts that, when the Sabbath comes, it goes on, right over the day designed for rest. Let a locomotive go dashing

along the track at a fearful rate of speed, and you can not check it in a moment. Put on the brakes as hard as you may, yet there is momentum there, and it will run some distance in spite of the effort to stop it. So men keep running, up to the very edge of Sunday ; and then try to turn their minds into some other channel, and find it impossible. The remedy for this is, to give some attention to the claims of religion during the week. Have a Bible in your store or shop ; read it, meditate upon it ; and then, when the Sabbath comes, it will not be so difficult to worship God in his holy temple.

And, again, men are wearied with work. They come home tired ; but, instead of waking up when the holy, quiet Sabbath comes, and arraying themselves in suitable apparel and going to the house of God, they lounge away the Sabbath in sleep. Their wives and children go ; they remain at home. We once wondered why it was that we had so many widows in our congregation—what fatal malady had swept away the men. We learned the secret. The men excused themselves from going to the house of God, and their wives went alone.

The plea which many set up, that they need rest, is true ; but they should not forget that change is rest. The services of religion rest us,

by bringing into play a new class of faculties. Church-going will invigorate you and refresh you, in body as well as mind. It is a most remarkable fact, that, both in England and America, only about five per cent of the working-men are church-goers. They are neglecters of the Word of God, and of the house of God, to a degree that is most alarming.

We here utter our warning against the pernicious influence of the club-room. Young men, especially, come into our cities, and, being strangers, they join clubs of some kind, for companionship. They shut themselves up, play cards, drink, read obscene books, and indulge in vices the most revolting. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of all who go into these places are ruined.

Man needs society, especially the society of virtuous woman. But this the club-room does not afford; all its tendencies are only evil, and that continually. Their history is a sad one. In some of these clubs, the reading is of a kind to sour the spirit against religion of every kind. Reading such works as the "Age of Reason," can afford no good to any man; and he who ventures within them, steps, before he knows it, to the verge of ruin.

Working-men are often constant neglecters of the Sabbath as an institution.

Do you know that this day is a necessity? Its very foundation is laid in the nature of your being. One day in seven for rest—change—is not a mere conventional arrangement. It is of God, and comes as much under general law as heat or light. When France, in the days of her atheism, abolished the Sabbath, converted the Cathedral of Paris into a temple of Liberty, and worshiped its goddess in the person of a prostitute, the Almighty was angry with the nation, and sent blood and distress upon them. But the common people of the interior instinctively returned to the observance of “one day in seven;” for they said their cattle needed it not less than themselves. Neither man nor beast can work incessantly, without recreation, without change. But how is it with many of our working-men? They look upon this day as one for sleep, or for carousal and hilarity; while often some of the worst crimes known to the laws of either God or man are committed on this day.

And what we have said of the Sabbath may be equally affirmed of the preaching. Some people look upon the pulpit as a mere sectarian institution, and upon all sermons as mere dogmatism. This is not the case. Preaching is one of God’s methods of evangelizing the world. The Savior said, “Go ye into all the world, and



preach the Gospel to every creature." "The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the wisdom of God and the power of God."

The pulpit is, as a whole, pre-eminently instructive. When intelligent and virtuous men discourse constantly on topics of interest which all may hear, it is easily to be seen that it will influence the minds of those who attend. Hence, it may be regarded as true, that the most intelligent of every community are those who attend upon the preaching of the Gospel with regularity.

Many men vindicate and justify themselves in their neglect of the house of God, on the plea that wealth and aristocracy shut them out. In a few instances, this may have been the case; but it is in no sense general. The voice of the Church is, "Come;" and they who remain away, do so without excuse. If you can not dress as well as others, still come just as you are. If you can not obtain a seat as conspicuous as that of the rich man, do not let this deprive you of the blessings of holy worship. The Church welcomes the laborer—it welcomes the poor.

But stay away from the house of God; give no heed to the claims of the Gospel; spend the Sabbath in riding for pleasure, in walking the streets, frequenting places of amusement, reading



a literature which the best judgment of mankind pronounces pernicious,—and you will run into positive infidelity; you will become deniers of the written Word; you will adopt philosophies at war with the “truth as it is in Jesus;” you will bring upon your soul leanness and barrenness; you will kill your conscience, blunt your intellect, and harden your heart.

Religion is a blessing to every man, to every nation. The virtues which the Bible inculcates—such as economy, industry, and benevolence—elevate men. How does England, an island with less than thirty millions of people, hold, as in a grip of steel, all India, with more than a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants? The explanation is in the fact that one is Christian, the other heathen. Christianity quickens the intellect, works out the best manhood, and is the only system in the universe which makes man truly great.

A grain of wheat has no power to expand itself. Shut it up in a sealed vase, bury it in a tomb, and it will lie there for ages—a little particle of matter, inert and forceless. But bring it forth, plant it, give it rain and sunshine, and it will germinate and produce a hundred grains of wheat, as perfect and beautiful as itself. So the human mind needs to be acted

upon by the Spirit of God, in order to grow up into its real beauty. If men deny the Spirit, grieve it, and shut themselves up in darkness, the result will be intellectual and moral death.

If India were a Christian land, England could have no such control over her. The heathen world is sluggish; not so the Christian. Do you wish to see energy, power, skill? go to the lands where the Gospel is proclaimed.

The same is true of home. The best homes in all the world are those of Christian families. Moreover, you will find there more thrift, more development of the graces of life, and more health, in the aggregate. If you wish to clothe society in rags, abolish the pulpit; if you wish to turn men back to savages, annul the law of the Sabbath; if you wish to stop all invention, burn up your Bibles,—and the end will be gained.

Infidelity casts a shadow on the life of man. The heart that receives no light from God is in a sad state. If you deny the authority of God's holy Word, and attempt to walk by the light of nature, you will surely stumble and fall. In sickness, what will you have to comfort you? in death, what voice to console you? at the grave, what hope for the future? Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life." But you do not

believe it. You deny it because there is mystery in it. You say the Gospel is a fable, though millions of men, as intelligent as any in the world are, and as sincere, have testified to its power. And with such a creed you go down to death, cheerless and cold. What will be your fate?

Death swallows you up; but that is not all. There is a future, an unseen world, in which judgment awaits all men. On the other hand, Christianity is full of life, light, and peace. Is the cloud dark, it fringes it with gold. Is the storm fearful, Christ walks on the waters of a troubled world, saying, "Peace, be still." Does sickness come, he will "make your bed in sickness." Are you poor in this world's goods, he promises you the riches of heaven. Is all the world arrayed against you, "I have overcome the world for you," said Jesus.

Working-men, go to this best Fountain of light; its "leaves are for the healing of the nations." It is God's gift to you. Receive the proffered aid, and your heart will rejoice. Reject it, and you will shed tears of bitter regret.

"To live in darkness, in despair to die,

Is this, indeed, the boon to mortals given?

Is there no port, no rock of refuge nigh?

There is to those who fix their anchor, hope, in heaven."

“Turn, then, O man, and cast all else aside ;  
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above.  
Low at the cross bow down, in that confide,  
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.”





## CHAPTER VII.

### *Woman as a Reformer.*

*"Her footsteps seemed to touch the earth,  
Only to mark the track that leads to heaven."*

**T**HE Black Horse and Carryall are quite an institution, in their way. How could we get through the world without them? How have we managed to get along thus far by borrowing of our friends and hiring at the livery? But so it is; one loses much by wrong methods. It is, however, pleasant to make up, even at a late day, and begin life anew.

There are some people in the world, whom we meet, who are perpetually acting upon the philosophy embraced in the saying,

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

They are always at work, day and night. They know no such thing as rest or comfort. They are growing old and infirm, but they toil on—for

what? Ask them, and they can not tell you. The true philosophy of life is, to live and enjoy ourselves as we go along. What if we have fewer bonds or houses? We have, or may have, all which these imply—sunshine, repose, and solid comfort. What is money for, if not to use in procuring one's own happiness and doing good to others? How few there are who earn money for the purpose of giving it away!

Our Black Horse and Carryall mean home comfort. They are not too nice to be driven even when the roads are muddy.

We have an abhorrence of any thing which is too good to be used. Some overcareful people get fine clothing to pack away in trunks for moths to consume, and buy expensive furniture to stow away in dark rooms, unused, to become musty and old-fashioned. We smile at the simplicity of the man who bought a clock, but let it stand still to keep it from wearing out. So we may smile at those who lose all present enjoyment in their anxiety about future days, which may never come.

We do not believe in pleasure-riding on the Sabbath. A horse needs one day in seven about as much as a man does. And we never ride on Sabbath unless it be to a funeral or to visit a mission-school in the country a few miles, or go

upon some other errand of mercy. This is doing good; and for this, as much as for mere pleasure, we own the establishment.

We recently spent a Sabbath afternoon on a visit to a country Sunday-school, held in a school-house. It gave us a great deal of pleasure to witness the gathering of old and young, rich and poor, saint and sinner, to the number of about one hundred. How unlike the more orderly schools of the city, with all their elegant fixtures! And yet, measured by spirit and devotion to the work, the country school is better than that of the city. Men, women, and children come from one to three miles to attend it. It is our conviction that these same country schools and congregations, scattered every-where, are doing more to evangelize the nation than the city schools. Our cities are made up, in a large degree, of people who have come from the country. The best Christians are those who have been made so before they reached the city: so that country Churches and Sunday-schools are the feeders of the city; and just in the proportion that they are successful, will the population of the cities be morally improved.

That which impressed us most on the occasion referred to, was the active part taken by the women. Here, as every-where else, there

were more women than men engaged in the good work. By some law of her being, woman invariably drifts in the direction of charitable acts. Start a mission Sunday-school, or found a Church, and you can count on the aid of every true woman. Her hand and heart will be on the side of peace, purity, and religion, always.

In the times of the Savior, every instrumentality was employed to scatter the seeds of divine truth throughout the world, and almost every object of nature and event of history served as a text for a sermon—from the overthrow of an empire to the washing of feet, from the stars of space to the falling of a sparrow.

As Jesus sat by the well in Samaria, weary with his long journey from Jerusalem northward, heated by the scorching beams of the noonday sun, a woman came out of the city to draw water, as was the custom of the times. He at once made use of the circumstance so trivial in itself, so common, to communicate to her instructions concerning her spiritual obligations and duties. Woman, then as now, was quick to discern the truth, quick to confess her guilt, and equally ready to publish abroad the tidings of her conviction and conversion. She was honest, too; for she said: "Come, see a man which told me all things which ever I did. Is not this the Christ?"



Her honesty was apparent to all, and her confession was from the heart; for her history was well known to her neighbors, whom she could not deceive. Every-where about the city she told of this wonderful man, this prophet of God. And it is said, "Many of the Samaritans believed on him for the sayings of the woman."

So it was in later times. As the apostles went forth, preaching the Gospel, their eloquence, though burning, was not fully efficient without the accompaniment of the godly examples of Christian women.

The Gospel shows its breadth and liberty by its recognition of rights and privileges among the proscribed. It saw kings among beggars. It recognized true nobility even among plebeians, and discovered crowns amid the manacles that bound men in hopeless vassalage.

St. Paul's Christian greetings to Persis, Junia, Phebe, Priscilla, and others of his women-helpers in the Gospel, were the bugle-call to Christian activity, sounding down over the centuries, and a light that gilds to brightness the coming ages of time. His greetings were but the echoes of Christ's teachings.

In the many moral reforms which have swept across the track of human society since the beginning of time, the historian has not failed to

place on record the fact, that, in them all, woman has had her sphere of activity and influence. In Egypt and in Babylon, in Greece and in Rome, in modern England, France, and Germany, as well as in our own country, names quite familiar will occur to the intelligent reader.

In all lands, woman has played a most conspicuous part in religious services. In Eden, she stood in the foreground of responsibility. There was a time when upon her rested the task of judging Israel and leading the army to victory; not because there was no man in Israel competent, but because Deborah, the prophetess, was peculiarly fitted for the work. Josiah, King of Israel, was glad to consult Huldah, the prophetess, in the dark hour of his reign. Yet there were prophets to whom he might have gone. Miriam, the prophetess, led the hosts of God with timbrel and song, when deliverance from bondage came to them. So we see that, in Jewish as well as in Christian times, woman has taken a prominent part in religious movements. Especially is this fact noticeable in the early centuries of the Christian Church.

Women were among the first converts to the Christian religion; and during the terrible persecutions which followed under the reign of emperors hostile to Christianity, among the martyrs

was often found woman. She went to the rack and stake with a fortitude that proved the divinity of her faith. And, among the most precious testimonies treasured up in the memory of the Church, are those of noble women whose lives were laid cheerfully on the altar of sacrifice, while their examples are an inspiration and an incentive to Christian work and patience that will run through all the ages.

In the great evangelical reformation, under Wesley, woman came grandly to the work. The mother of John Wesley was a powerful preacher, though she was never ordained to the work of the ministry, and never gave herself wholly to it. She was a good and true wife and mother. She trained her sons for their great life-work. The Methodist Church to-day is only an enlargement of Susannah Wesley's nursery. Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the Vicar of Madely, was one of the noblest of women, and a preacher of great power.

In all great religious movements, woman has risen to the work of saving souls. Yet society has ever sought to place on her lips the seal of silence. It has been only in times of genuine religious revivals that the talent and devotion of women have been acknowledged, as in the revivals of the Wesleys and Whitefield, and that

under President Edwards in the earlier days of New England.

What precious names appear in the annals of the Christian Church since the Reformation! Take that of Lady Huntingdon, whose example and money and time were so freely given to extend the Gospel. She occupied the highest station in society. She was a wealthy and elegant lady; but, moved by a divine impulse, she consecrated herself and all she had to the cause of Christ. She, of course, became the object of derision among the dissolute English aristocracy, but she stood firm. She held prayer-meetings every-where among ladies of her own rank. She opened her mansion as a preaching-place, and crowds went there to hear the Word of Life. She made extensive tours of evangelism among the destitute. In this manner she spent her time in Summer, rather than to frequent places of fashionable resort, as people of her rank were accustomed to do.

England, in the great Wesleyan revival, had many noble women who were among the most efficient laborers in the cause of Christ; among them Lady Margaret Hastings, whose house, like that of the Countess of Huntingdon, was converted into a place of public worship. The name of Grace Murray is like an aroma from Eden, in

the history of those early struggles. How noble it was, when Rowland Hill was the victim of persecution, deserted by his parents, and exposed to the severest trials, that his sister Jane came to his aid, and, with her prayers and letters and burning words, assisted him in his struggles!

Nobler than the Pope, are the Sisters of Mercy in the Catholic Church.

In America, the influence of woman has been very great, especially in the Methodist Church. Methodism owes as much to her influence as to any human agency. She is, at this hour, as efficient in carrying forward the spiritual enterprises of the Church as man. Take the women out of our Churches, and these Churches would lose more than half their power for good. Take away the familiar names from the records of foreign missions, and more than half the charm would be lost.

The Methodists and Quakers have been stigmatized, because they have placed woman on a plane of equality with man in religious meetings. And she has every-where been called to account for daring to open her lips in the public service of God's house; and that, too, in the face of all the noble examples of history, from the true-hearted women who were

“Last at the cross,  
And earliest at the tomb,”

down to the present day. We do not doubt the sincerity of those who have stood opposed to woman's taking any public part in the services of religion. We think it has arisen out of a misapprehension of St. Paul, who was a man of very positive character, and was always either for or against any thing squarely. That he teaches the subjection of women to their husbands, no one can doubt. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church; therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so let wives be to their own husbands in every thing."

This is one side of the question. Now, let us look at the other side.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it." Here, then, arises a question. Is the subjection of woman as wife, to man as husband, an unconditional subjection? Does not the law of the Gospel most expressly say that husbands are as much bound to love their wives as wives are bound to submit to the governing headship of the husband? Is it not a mutual relation?

We are prepared to affirm, as our belief, that it is; and if all husbands were to love their wives, in the language of St. Paul, as "Christ

loved the Church," even to a willingness to "lay down their lives for them," knowing what we do of woman's nature, there is not one wife in a thousand, the world over, who would not fulfill her part by the most hearty compliance with that seemingly hard command, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord."

St. Paul, in his letter to Timothy, gave certain directions concerning woman's part in the sanctuary, admonishing her to "keep silence." This must have been in mere business meetings, and must have had a local application; for he gives directions equally specific elsewhere, as to her deportment when she prays or prophesies in the congregations. No woman could pray or prophesy without breaking silence. Hence, the injunction, which has so long been used to put a seal on the lips of woman in the churches, was in violation both of God's law and woman's nature, and was a most unjust curtailment of her religious rights. What, a woman keep silence!

The same apostle sends kindly salutations to those noble women who were his helpers in the Gospel. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labored in the Lord." "Salute the beloved Persis, who labored much in the Lord." Salutations and Christian greetings were extended



to many others who had been helpers in the Gospel.

What they did, precisely, we do not know; but this is certain, they "prophesied"—that is, taught—publicly, modestly veiled, according to custom. They, doubtless, exhorted the people to repentance, prayed, visited the sick, and did many other noble things. And all this is consistent with the sublime utterance of the prophet of God: "It shall come to pass, in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; . . . and on my servants and hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy."

Let us go, now, to the upper room, where the disciples met to pray. There were Peter, James, John, Andrew, and all the others. These continued with one accord in prayer and supplication *with the women*, and with Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren. And when the baptism came, "there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." Woman, no less than man, received the Divine baptism on the day of Pentecost.

That men and women were created for different spheres in life, is a truth not to be denied. His constitution fits him for the outside world;



his mission is to contend with the elements, in mastery. Her mission is that of goodness; she has forming power. He is active—she passive; one is the complement of the other. The two constitute one round, full being. And yet, as men and women are joined in that most holy estate, marriage, the day he fails to love her as “Christ loved the Church,” using this as a figure, her subjection is not binding. Take the Scriptures as a test, and you must conclude that the bonds are mutual. The failure of one releases the other. No woman is bound to live with a drunken, brutal husband. She may not seek divorce, and should not; but her vow to love and live with him is no longer binding. She can better care for herself without him.

In this universal womanhood, we see a great world-force; and one of two things is inevitable: we must either give up our Christian civilization, or recognize woman as a force sent of God for good. And what shall we do? Give up our Christianity? Never. Then, what of the force it draws up out of this mass of being, as the sun draws the vapors from the ground? We answer, let it have its way. Woman’s nature is just what God has made it. Man’s nature is just as it came from the hand of its Creator. No legislation can change either. He will be father, she

will be mother, while the world stands. Love is a passion of our being: and it will control society forever, binding hearts together. The mother will love her child better than life, if she is a true woman. Unnatural mothers and wives always have existed, and always will. The laws of men can not unmake the laws of God. Go on, then, ye noble-hearted women. Let the world say of you what it will, your mission is Christ-like, and many will rise up to call you blessed.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Rights and Wrongs of Woman.*

*"To be man's tender mate, was woman born ;  
And, in obeying nature, she best serves  
The purposes of Heaven."*



WE have just returned to our desk, from a few days' drive, with the Black Horse and Carryall, among the farms and farmers. We never have been in love with the farmer's life until now. Perhaps the feeling of dislike to farming, which we have felt heretofore, grew out of the hard work which has always been necessary to successful agriculture. They used to say,

*"He who by the plow would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."*

Perhaps this is true yet. But, then, the driving part is the principal thing in modern farming. Farmers ride over their farms now, on mowers, reapers, and planters. They cultivate their lands now by

machinery. As we view it now, we rather think we should like farming, especially the riding part! In no department of industrial life have greater improvements been made than in this—in two ways; namely, in the use of machinery, and in the release of woman from work in the field. What changes have been made in the last quarter of a century! The farmers have plenty of hard work yet; but not so much as before the era of machinery. So there is progress in every thing. We, who live in this nineteenth century, are in a new world, when compared with those of other years.

A traveler in a railroad-train is constantly being acted upon by one of two forces: the locomotive and the brake. The former is the symbol of the progress of this fast age; the latter is the symbol of conservation. The one looks forward to the future; the other turns its face to the past.

The locomotive is peculiarly American; and is not simply the product of the age. Rather, it has been a factor in making the age what it is. The brake-power is to the locomotive what history is to philosophy. The one is speculative, and has its eye on the unfoldings of the future; the other deals with and conserves the past.

All true progress in science, in philosophy,

and in our social life, implies a breaking away from old paths. Galileo, in the face of edicts and bulls from the Vatican, contrary to the teachings of all time, issued his solemn protest against the commonly received theory of planetary motion. His philosophy reversed history. The dungeon came; but neither dungeon nor rack could change his convictions, and he came out of prison, as he went in, only to say, "It does, move."

Columbus launched his little squadron on the deep, and steered directly into its dark abyss, to prove that the world was not a vast plane, resting on the backs of elephants; we suppose the kind-hearted Italian sailor desired to relieve the elephants of their load! It was simply the locomotive overcoming the brake. Farmers are very conservative, as a class; and yet how willingly they have changed the old-fashioned scythe and sickle for the present reaper and mower! We have a large class in society every-where whom we denominate "croakers." They may be found even in the Churches, dozy dignitaries who once in an age wake up—Rip Van Winkle like—rub their eyes, and ask if "all things remain as they were from the beginning;" and, if they see any change, they set up a pitiful wailing over the "good old days of the past."

These people tell us that the world is not getting any better, but worse, with each passing year. They fail to discover that they only see more of the world than they used to, and that there are more people to see. When they were children, their fathers took the county newspaper, which came to them once a week, and usually contained the account of a murder or an elopement, or something else, and they thought it was a bad state of things. Now they read of murders, elopements, thefts, and kindred crimes every day. The great difference is, we are living in the age of daily, instead of weekly papers, and of telegraphs which flash intelligence all over the continent in a single hour. Is the world growing worse? It would be a poor argument for our Christianity, our school system, and the printing-press if these things were really so.

Let us place ourselves back to a time when all the appliances of our present civilization had no existence. How did people keep house without friction matches? Think of nine weeks of tossing between New York and London, in an old-fashioned ship! Does any one suppose that a modern congregation could be hired to sit in an unwarmed Church, and listen to sermons rising from firstly and secondly up to *sixty-*

*fourthly*, consuming three mortal hours, stopping for lunch and rest at twenty-fifthly?

There is a very marked difference between *old paths* and *old principles*. That which was true in principle six thousand years ago, is true yet, and will be to the end of time. But the paths on which we walked then are too narrow now. Boston built her houses along the ancient cow-paths, it is said; but she is widening and straightening these crooked streets. So human society began to build its temples, and subsequently finds it necessary to widen the ways of human thought and action. Conservation is right when we deal with principles; but on matters of mode we can afford to change as often as we think best.

It is not to be supposed for an instant that all these changes in science, in art, in civil government, this diffusion of intelligence, this grand unfolding of the world's latent forces, can go forward without its effect on society. Serfdom in Russia, slavery in England and America, have been abolished, not by the power of man, but by the civilization of the age. Abolitionism was born of Christianity. So is every other true reform, either in morals or mechanics.

We have said that the invention of machinery has revolutionized farm-labor. Three men, with

a span of horses and a machine, can do more now than ten men could have done twenty-five years ago. Once it was a common thing for women to labor in the harvest-field; now it is one of the rarest sights. In relation to woman, as a factor in society, the world is coming to a correct understanding. Woman's voice, all over the world, is being raised in her own behalf, and the tide is setting in. Like all other movements of the kind, there are extremists on both sides of the question. No one can read the history of womankind without a blush on account of the great injustice done her in past ages, and in all lands.

She has been, and is to-day, a beast of burden in many of the older countries. She has been looked upon as a mere appendage to the sterner sex. In India and China, with their millions, she is not even supposed to have a soul; and by her education, or rather the want of it, she scorns the idea herself, that she should even be thought to have any relation of equality to man. Her condition, even in India and China, is undergoing a change under the influence of English and American civilization. She is gradually, but surely, emerging from her depressed condition.

In this country she is on the high road to the



most perfect enfranchisement. The head of the column has reached England, where woman, in certain elections, can vote ; though it is singular that in a monarchy the word citizen should have a wider meaning than in a republic. But the column is advancing. It will soon reach America ; and, like the wave of light rolling around the world, it will return to the Orient, and do for India what it has done for England and America.

We may well pause here, and look at great facts of nature ; for there is between man and woman a mental, moral, and physical difference. Sex means the whole being. Woman's physical powers differ from those of man. So do her mind and heart. She is less rugged than he. Her organization as surely fits her for a sphere differing from that of man as the moon has a mission different from that of the sun. He has strength, ruggedness, endurance, which fit him for the outside world. She reverses these qualities, and has moral tenderness and physical sensitiveness, which fit her for the inside world.

Look at this mental difference. Man's brain is said to be larger, on the average, than woman's. So is his body. As a student he has always pressed his investigations farther than she ; but he has had a hundred times her oppor-

tunity. It is said that only a few women have really distinguished themselves in a high sense. Deborah was one of them. Joan of Arc was another. Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth, Mary, Victoria, Aspasia, Cleopatra, and a few others, complete the list of the world's great women. When we look at the fact that, by a universal opinion of mankind, in every age woman had no mission but to please and gratify man, it is a wonder that even half so many have distinguished themselves in the annals of the world.

But while her brain is not so large, the physiologists tell us, it is of a finer texture. His is the coarse, strong canvas; hers the finer fabric of the silk. He grinds out his conclusions in the mill of his invincible logic; she jumps at her conclusions by intuition. He climbs the ladder, step by step; she goes to the topmost round at one full bound. Our advice to all men is, not to argue with a woman unless you can compel her to use logical syllogisms; for, in nine cases out of ten, you will have to beat a retreat, or own yourselves defeated, and surrender to her arms.

Girls learn faster than boys, say the teachers; but boys learn longer and go further: and that is because society has taught the girl that the only thing she was ever made for, is matrimony.

Hence, when she comes home from "boarding-school," and has acquired a smattering of French, and can thump out a few tunes on the piano, and tell you of the satellites of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, the poor child thinks she has a "finished education."

It has not been so with men. They have incentives to study which she has not had. The professions of medicine and law, and mercantile pursuits, are before them ; and, under the stimulus, they ascend higher up the hill of science, and have won its laurels.

We have said there is a moral difference. Woman is naturally more inclined to be religious than man. She comes first to the door of the Church. We are told she ate first of the "forbidden fruit ;" and, under a universal compunction of conscience, we suppose is first to repent ! Adam's conduct was very strange on that occasion. He doubtless saw that Eve must inevitably be banished from Eden ; and, rather than be left alone in the garden, he ate of the fruit, and went with her ! But we never thought he behaved very chivalric for blaming it all upon his wife ; and we never admired Adam on that account.

Upon this difference in the sexes in all respects, the whole world is agreed. Woman is woman ;

man is man. And is it not one of the greatest blessings, that she, who is the mother of the race, should have a heart of tenderness, to fashion and mold into beauty the nations of the world?

The law of unity in diversity has a fine illustration in the law of selections. As in chemistry an affinity often exists between unlike particles, so, in human life, our opposites often have for us the greatest attractions. Light hair chooses dark, and *vice versa*. Tall men prefer short wives usually. All the world bursts into a laugh when it sees a tall woman with a short man dangling at her side. It is no uncommon thing to see a sanguine temperament united with one that is phlegmatic. The short step of the short woman checks the long step of the long man, and keeps him from running through life too fast; while bile acts as a perpetual brake on blood, and keeps the sanguine from being consumed too rapidly, as a mouse is consumed in a jar of oxygen.

Every man was designed to be the husband of one wife, and every woman the wife of some man; for, in the plan of God, they complement each other. She expresses tenderness, love, goodness, beauty. He expresses strength, will, victory. She admires these in him; she worships heroism. He admires those in her, and woos her pity and love by turning hero. These qualities are some-

times interchanged, but no one admires a womanly man or a manly woman.

Eve was extracted from Adam's side, to be his equal; not from his brain, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. She was not taken from his feet, to point her out as his vassal. Adam was made from pure "red earth," hence all men must have been originally red. The black man is only a more intensely red man, and the white man is one whose redness has bleached out. All other colors are mixtures of these. Woman was made out of the "red earth" after it had gone through the refining process in the Garden.

Woman suffers some wrongs of which she, with all her grace of womanhood, may justly complain. Her wages have not been adequate. Doing the same work as man, and doing it as well, she has been awarded less than half his pay, on the ground that she can live on less—is less financially responsible. That is questionable. We have known a young woman to work hard, save her earnings, and aid in the support of a father and mother; while if a young man had done the same work, he would have received double her pay, on the plea that he needed it—for cigars and billiards! But, it is said, the laws of supply and demand must regulate this. If a merchant has a trusty salesman, to whom he pays one

thousand dollars a year, and a score of young men apply for the situation, is it common for him to change according to the "laws of supply and demand?" No. He takes ability, character, into the account.

Because ten thousand poor women in New York are on the verge of starvation, and are willing to make shirts for twelve cents apiece, is it just to say, that shall be the price for such work? If they are willing to work for their boarding, does that argue that women shall work for nothing? That which proves too much, proves nothing.

Again, the sphere of woman's labor is quite too restricted. Only about one-third of the ordinary employments have been open to her. Everywhere men are doing woman's work, or work she could do better. Great physical athletes, six feet high and weighing two hundred pounds, are standing behind counters, selling pins, tape, calico, etc. They ought to give this field entirely to the girls, and they go to farming or something else.

Society is unjust to woman in the severity of its judgment when she falls, and it is never in the least forgiving. A stain on her character is deemed ineffaceable.

But how shall all these wrongs be made right?

Give her the ballot. That is the cry which men set up every-where; and if so, there must be virtue in the ballot. Still, we think the ballot is not a cure-all for every thing; for, with an almost universal right of suffrage, men have not yet voted the world into a paradise.

The right of suffrage is an abused right. In the misquoted language of our "Declaration," "all men," meaning mankind, including women, "are created free *and equal*;" and therefore all have the right to vote. Now, the truth is, there is an immense inequality, and a few men rule the whole nation invariably. It is said majorities rule. So they do, in theory. But minorities rule, in fact. Half a dozen men rule a whole state. They meet in some quiet room, and map out a campaign; then call a "mass-meeting," or delegated convention. Measure after measure, as if it had just been brain-born, is proposed. Names and methods alike come as if just thought of, and the people cheer and vote and go home, saying, "We did wonderful things." The people only ratify the deep-laid schemes of the politicians.

In China, all state-officers are subjected to three examinations. The first is upon literature and the philosophy of Confucius; the second is upon a practical knowledge of the business



belonging to official life ; the third is upon morals. This may do for China ; but, if the rule were adopted in this country, we should soon be without a Congress.

The greatest danger to which we are exposed, in this country, is in the suffrage question. Men crowd to the polls as the beasts of Noah went into the ark, "each after his kind." The men who run for office, as a rule, pander to the tastes of the vicious multitude, and will be their obedient servants always, until after election !

Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Aaron Burr," uses this strong language :

"Accursed be politics forever ! the Maelstrom that has engulfed so many able men. What talent it absorbs that is needed elsewhere ! How many fair reputations it has blasted ! What toil, what ingenuity, what wealth it has wasted, what lives it has sacrificed ! How mean are political methods and expedients, and how absurdly disproportioned are political triumphs to their cost ! Politics can never be reformed. To abolish politics altogether, is perhaps the atonement America is going one day to make to an outraged world, for sinking to the deepest deep, and wallowing in the filthiest filth, of political turpitude."

The political press, how terrible its influence !



The day a man becomes a candidate, he must consent to be slandered in the public prints. Sure enough, "How absurdly disproportioned are political triumphs to their cost!"

Thomas Jefferson proposed to divide newspapers into four chapters: First, truths; secondly, probabilities; thirdly, possibilities; fourthly, lies. The first chapter would be short, as it would contain little more than the authentic papers and information from such sources as the editor could vouch for. The second would contain what, from a mature consideration of all circumstances, his judgment should conclude to be probably true. The third and fourth should be professedly for those readers who would rather have lies for their money than blank paper!

We are in favor of woman's voting; but more than this is needed. Our women must endeavor to arise to a higher point of culture. The "small talk" of society must be abandoned for something more solid. The sickly sentimentalism of the innumerable novels must give place to Blackstone, Hallam, and Motley.

A question of some importance arises just here. Will voting make woman any less womanly? One party affirms; the other denies. Women are now, and always have been, the

warmest politicians. It seems to us, the mere act of casting a ballot can not have influence sufficient to change her whole being.

It is said, "If she votes, she must hold office." If, in the judgment of the people, she shall be deemed qualified for office, and shall receive votes enough, let her hold office. It will be nothing new under the sun. She does hold office now under the Government. "But it will bring her into the arena of political strife." Perhaps the strife will cease when she comes; it generally does. "The polls are so rough." Then it is time they were reformed. Besides, we adjust all things to favor the ladies. On our railroad-trains we have "ladies' cars;" in our hotels, "ladies' parlors;" at the depot, "ladies' waiting-rooms." So, at the polls we shall have "ladies' voting-rooms."

"But it will divide families." The Church does that now. Husbands and wives often represent opposite religious, as well as political, opinions.

"She will neglect her family." Men have been doing that for ages. Besides, there always have been unnatural mothers, and there always will be, whether women vote or not.

"But Paul defines woman's sphere to be the house, the family, and to 'keep silence.'" Paul

only cautioned woman against being immodest ; nothing more. He told them to teach, publicly, with their faces veiled. He told slaves to be obedient to their masters ; but we deny that he ever advocated slavery.

But we have little patience with these common objections. There is an argument for woman's ballot, which, to our mind, has power. This is a Republic, and in this form of government the ballot belongs to all the citizens. Already, by the Fifteenth Amendment, we have given it to the colored people. Every foreigner who comes to our shores, after a short time, can vote. By our Constitution now, properly interpreted, she has the right of suffrage, if she is a citizen. Is it doubted?

The hope of this country is in its women, as much as in its men. Let woman vote, and the temperance reform can be made a success. Let woman vote, and politicians will have a new element to deal with in their canvass.

Look at the influx of foreigners from all nations. The American people will soon be at the mercy of the Old World. Woman's voice, at the polls, will yet be needed in this country.

Woman is what she is by the nature which God has given her, and we do not believe any mere human legislation will unmake her. She

will love and be loved under any condition of life. Man will be father, woman mother, to the end of time; and the world will move on through all the future as it has through all the past.

All the professions are opening to her. It is not unwomanly for her to ride in the physician's chaise, or write at the lawyer's desk; while the bank, the telegraph, the printing-office, alike bid her welcome. And every-where she now fills them successfully.

It is not to be wondered at that we men are jealous of our homes; and if the grant of suffrage would destroy our home life, we would oppose it strenuously.

The cultivation of a wholesome independence needs not interfere with domestic matters; but, where woman is left to battle with the world, unaided, that independence is her capital. No woman is true to herself who is ashamed to work. Labor is royal. Mothers have great responsibility at this point. No mother does her daughter justice who allows her to grow up without the education of the kitchen. Young men every-where remain single because they can not support these elegant young ladies. They fly to club-rooms, and there spend their time in revelry.

The only true way to live in this world is to

keep house. Boarding is too monotonous. Every well-regulated boarding-house has its method of supplying the table. The fragments of a big Sunday dinner will supply hash for two or three days. It is not agreeable for one to be able to calculate for six months ahead just what he must eat at a particular hour on any given day. A young man gets married, and goes to boarding; and, under this monotonous way of living, he gets the dyspepsia; says cross things to Angelina. She cries, pouts, goes home to pa. He follows her, and the old gentleman has to keep them both. Have a home of your own, and you may be happy.

The world has a problem to solve, which can not be postponed in relation to woman. Here we would say that the religion of Jesus puts a positive value on human life—on individual human life. Hence, it teaches equality. A republic can not exist where atheism or paganism reigns; for they put no value on the individual. Republics are peculiarly Christian. Hence, in the degree in which Christian civilization is extended, do rulers lose sight of mere masses of flesh and blood, and think more of man, as such. Let the Gospel fill the hearts and minds of a people, and slavery is impossible as ice and snow are impossible in a July sun. The Gospel means

education as well as regeneration. It means manhood, womanhood, individuality.

Now the world has a population of nearly twelve hundred millions, of whom five or six hundred millions are women. From the standpoint of paganism, they are mere creatures, and regarded as soulless—in no sense man's equal. Place, now, the mirror of our Christian civilization so that the focus of light will fall on them, and at once they spring into beautiful being. In the rudest and most ill-shapen block of marble, as it comes rough from the quarry, there is imprisoned an angel. So in every one of the four or five hundred millions of pagan women, is imprisoned an angel; and it only needs the touch of the Master Sculptor to effect its liberation.

Here and there, in the march of the world, she has risen above the trammels which society has put upon her. She has peered out through the darkness that has enveloped her, and sought the light of the world. She has led armies to victory, as history, both sacred and profane, tells us. She has entered the fields of science and literature, and won the highest honor, as the names of Hypatia, of Alexandria, and Hannah More and Mrs. Somerville, of England, prove. She has found her way to the throne, and hung it over with garlands of beauty. Victoria and

Elizabeth are good examples. She was declared, by St. Paul, to be a most valuable adjunct in the Gospel; while Jesus made her the first messenger to tell the world of his resurrection.

In struggles for freedom in all lands, she has been bravest of the brave. A few even dared to enter the field of blood, sword in hand. Hungarian women did as much, and suffered as greatly to win back their ancient nationality, as Hungarian men. Some of the noblest patriots of Poland were her delicately reared women.

France has written on her roll of honor, in letters of gold, the names of her noble women. In the days of our own hard struggle for freedom from British rule—while Jefferson wrote and Henry spoke words that shook the world, and Washington and Putnam drew their swords, to be sheathed only when freedom's battle-cry had turned to freedom's song of victory—the women of the Revolution, who worked in the fields to raise food for the starving troops, who dressed the wounded and nursed the sick, and encouraged the enlistment of troops, did as much toward laying the foundation of the great Republic as the men who carried the flag to the cannon's mouth.

Woman has stood in the forefront of society from the beginning of time. Her nature has



never changed. It never will. Love of husband, of child, of home, is her strongest passion, fast-rooted in the heart-soil of her womanhood.

Yes, give her the ballot, and trust her. It was not woman who betrayed the Son of man. And when he hung upon the cross, she alone, of all his friends, stood by him. It was woman whom Paul so honors with his kindest salutation as "helpers in the Gospel." In her relation as wife and mother, to what extremes of neglect, and abuse even, has she not been driven, almost without complaint, and cherishing hope when the world around her was dark, alcohol reigning in the place of love? In all the reformatory and revolutions that have crossed the track of society, she has always been foremost; and in times of the bitterest persecutions, she has gone bravely to the rack and the stake. She has marched in the van of every holy enterprise. She has been first to relieve the suffering, and last to desert the cause which has engaged her heart. In peace and in war, her influence has been immeasurable. Her pen, in the hand of Harriet Beecher Stowe, did more to break the shackles of slavery than the eloquence of the orators of Congress.

Give her the ballot, and trust her. She will be woman still. She will not descend into the slimy arena of politics; but she will sweep it of



its dust, and wash it from its filth, and garnish it into beauty. She will become more self-reliant and noble. Her brain will equal her heart, and her life and that of her child will gather greatness from the conscious nobleness of her condition.

Give her the ballot, and trust her! She will use it with womanly grace. She will not betray her trust; she will rise above the low expedients which men have used, as the sun lifts his crown of gold above the clouds and winds. Her footsteps on the troubled waters of human life will be as the footsteps of the Son of God on stormy Galilee.

Some one has said that every age has had its discoveries, but it was left to the nineteenth century to discover woman. In Eden she stood in the fore-front of history. There we lose sight of her, until we find her drawing water and playing the menial. Then, in chivalric times, she comes to the stage as the pretty Amazon, to dress the wound and bind her scarf about the knightly helmet. And again, she appears as the Arcadian shepherdess and lovely wood-nymph. And then came the courtly age, where she seemed to have no other earthly mission than to pile the hair on the top of her head four stories high! But the discovery is made that woman has positive value

in human society, and is one of its indispensable factors. She is an entity; an integer in the arithmetic of life, not a mere cypher to fill up a space, and only give value to others.

Woman, rise to your destiny! The door once shut and bolted stands ajar, and oil is being poured upon its rusty hinges, and it will soon be wide open. There, hand in hand and arm in arm with man—heart beating with heart, soul kindling into a new fresh life with soul—virtuous, educated womanhood, combined with the mastering force of educated noble manhood, shall send the wave of a superior civilization to break on every shore. All hail! Let the world shout the jubilee of universal emancipation!





## CHAPTER IX.

### A Plea for the Fallen.

*"Still thy love, O Christ arisen !  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison ;  
Through all depths of sin and loss,  
Drop the plummet of thy Cross ;  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that Cross could sound."*



PROPOS to the preceding chapter, we have a few more words to say about women.

Our thoughts have been suggested by one of those incidents common to the life of a pastor—a funeral from which we have just returned.

The idiosyncrasies of people are developed nowhere more certainly than at funerals. We could write a curious book about them if we were disposed. We have learned never to measure the depth of grief which people seem to feel by the wailing one hears, for it is often quite heartless. The deepest grief is silent, like the best and more

enduring piety. An old saying is true, "Empty wagons make most noise."

We have learned not to pronounce extended eulogies over people when they die. If their lives were good, the community knows it ; if they were vicious, one can not say what ought to be said, if we speak at all, without causing pain to somebody.

This funeral to which we now allude, was that of a young woman. Of her life we could gain no information. No one seemed willing to say any thing. It was a silent funeral. The silence was significant. The poor girl had been sent home from the city of C——, whither she had—strayed. There she had lived a wretched life, and there she had died. To the Savior she may have looked in the last hour. She may have repented with tears. If she did, then it was well. We read the Scriptures, prayed, and moved in solemn procession to the lovely cemetery where she, whose life-record can not be known to any but God, shall rest until the resurrection-day.

O, it is a terrible thought, that at this hour, and in this age of Christian light, there are thousands who are seemingly lost to all good—swallowed up, soul and body, in a whirlpool of sin !

The question for us Christians to consider is, How shall they be reached ? They can be res-

cued in some way ; they must be ! The world can never be reformed by society merely. Society is cold and harsh in its judgments. Harshness chills ; love melts, warms, saves.

Do you want to save the fallen ? Go to them ; lay your throbbing heart against theirs ; speak to them, not as if they were outcasts, reprobates, and hopelessly lost. The beauty and power of the Gospel lies in its kindliness. We care not how low people may have descended—they are yet human.

In that heart that is almost crushed with woe and sorrow and sin, there is yet a tender chord ; it is human. In opening a mummy-pit in Egypt, some years ago, a harp was found that had lain there for three thousand years ; yet, when the string was touched, it vibrated a sweet sound just as it did of old. So in poor human hearts that have been buried for years in poverty and sin, there are feelings and sympathies, that, when touched, will give off notes that are heavenly. O, if we would imitate the Master ! if we would only cease to be so selfish, and instead, be real human, tender, and loving ; if we would reprove sin, condemn it in word and in life, but do it with sunshine in our face and heart-feelings in our words, then we might be more successful in reaching the very lowest in society.

In that beautiful account, given us in the eighth chapter of John's Gospel, where the woman, guilty of grossest crime, was brought before the Savior, his words must not be understood as encouraging sin. Why did he say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more?" Luke tells us: "For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Again, he said, on one occasion: "Man, who made me a judge over you?" "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." "He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten son of God." "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

Jesus did not occupy the throne of judgment then. His only mission was to save. He could have sanctioned the law, and condemned the sinful woman; but he would thereby have obscured the higher law of love. Hence he says, "Neither do I condemn thee." But yet he does condemn her sin, in the words, "Go, and sin no more." All sin is wrong. Much he needed not say. The poor offender felt it, knew it, acknowledged it all. Her look, her deportment, her word, if she spoke, were the revealings of a soul to the eye of One

who sees the heart, and knows its powers and passions.

We have in this account a beautiful picture of the relation of Christ to fallen humanity; and that same relation subsists yet. We, as Christians, have a mission to the world's worst class, unless we deny the words of Him who said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Now, we have a question to ask: May humanity sink so low as to be beyond human reach, beyond the reach of salvation? Let the Bible answer: "He saves to the uttermost them that come unto him." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

There are many circumstances that operate to drive men and women to sin. The tendency of sin is downward. Depravity depresses the soul; and this is the great cause. Some struggle against it, and lay hold on Christ; they are able to overcome this downward tendency. But others make no effort; they go down, step by step, until they reach the bottom, where they lie, in their loathsomeness and turpitude.

But we would remind you here, that woman may be sunk to deeper depths of moral misery than man. Less strong than he to battle with



the world, she is often inured to poverty and pain, to influences adverse to a life of virtue ; and thus she is drawn into a vortex of moral ruin.

Society has been unjust to woman in many ways. Until a comparatively recent period, she has been denied the advantages of education. In all ages, and in all lands, she has been a slave to man. The sorrow and burdens of life have been heavy upon her. If she aspired to any thing higher, it was all in vain ; for her lot was fixed by universal sentiment. Her sphere was circumscribed by four walls, while her only duty was to be a servant. In many countries, she has been even a beast of burden, doing the rougher, harder work of the field. But we live in a new age, a better age. Now she is educated and refined. There is no field of thought she may not explore ; there is no vocation to which she may not devote herself ; no position she may not fill.

But let us ask, What has thus elevated woman to her true place ? The answer is, the religion of Jesus. Jesus saw in woman that tenderness, love, and virtue he admired, and honored woman-kind ; while she saw in him the " One altogether lovely." When the profane rabble and lustful priests insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns in mockery, and subjected him to the infamy and agony of the cross,



among them all there was not found one woman. He was respected by the men of Judea ; but by her women he was honored, assisted, and soothed. It was a woman that anointed him with ointment from an alabaster vase, and wiped his feet with the hair of her head. And beautifully did he reciprocate her love. The widow of Nain mourned at the grave of her son ; Jesus restored him to life. Martha and Mary wept their departed brother ; Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. He went into the chamber of sickness, and cured Peter's wife's mother of a fever. Woman could approach in the crowded audience, and touch the hem of his garment, and be whole. At the well of Samaria, he became a "well of living water" to a poor Samaritan woman ; and when this poor woman, stained with crimes of deepest dye, is arraigned before him, pityingly he says, "Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more." Over him the women of Jerusalem wept, when he was so unjustly condemned. When he was hung on that cross, holy women were there to shed the tear of sympathy. Women came, with balm and spice, to the sepulcher, at the early dawn. The first word he uttered after his resurrection was to woman ; the first to receive a commission to publish his resurrection was woman : "Go, tell my disciples that I have risen from the dead."

Woman owes her elevation to this same Jesus. Wherever his religion is taught, there woman takes her place by the side of man, his equal, his helper, filling the place assigned her by the God of nature.

The bigotry of society has often driven woman to a life of shame. Let her do the same work performed by man, and do it as well, yet the opinion has prevailed that her time and her talents are of less value than those of men. She has been denied a just compensation. She has been degraded in her own feelings, as she has earned the most meager support, toiling early and late, and almost starving in the midst of plenty.

There is too much difference between the sexes in the matter of wages. The world is all wrong here, and needs to be set right. Humanity calls for it; and, as society advances to a higher plane of civilization, the call must be heeded, the claim must be met.

Is woman so inferior to man that she has no voice in fixing the price of her own toil? Has she no soul, no mind, to crave for a possession, a "local habitation and a name?" Has she no wants in common with man that money can supply? Why has woman been oppressed through her whole history? We boast of a superior

civilization ; but why, to-day, is there such an inequality between the earnings of man and woman ?

Go, glean the records of crime, and you will find that tens of thousands have yielded to the temptations of life, have been lost, soul and body, because of the paltry sum paid for woman's work. We do not speak of this as a cause ; poverty does not cause sin, though it may lead to it.

Men have trifled with women. She has been led astray by those who should forever stand guard over her virtue. Sin has been encouraged. Fashions demoralizing to the taste, and tending to corruption, have been advocated and applauded. Men, forgetting the sacredness of those names, wife, sister, mother ; losing sight of the Golden Rule, that teaches every man to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him ; hid in the crowded city,—have descended from true and virtuous manhood, have followed the steps of the “strange woman” whose “way inclineth unto death.” She is not alone to blame for her crimes. She is assisted, she is tempted, she is upheld in her wickedness. And the judgments of the Great Day will reveal to the assembled universe deeds that are now concealed, and sharers in crime who pass unsuspected through the world.

But society is guilty at another point. Woman, in her spiritual condition, has suffered by the Fall, no less than man. Her ability to do good is impaired by her sad condition as a sinner. She suffers more ; her lot of life is harder than man's. Perhaps a brighter crown in heaven will be her compensation.

We have said woman may be thrown into even deeper depths of moral wretchedness than man. Do you doubt it? Look at her as she is often found in the dark and loathsome haunts of the city. Behold her in crimes that should make a demon blush ! See her the wretched "outcast," from whom society turns away as from a sink of moral putrefaction, the cursed of God, the hated tool of despicable man ! What condition could be worse than this? Sin sits on woman's character even more unbecomingly than on man's. How awful is her profanity ! An oath from woman's lips grates on the ear with harsher violence. A drunken woman is even a more horrible sight than a drunken man. Her nature is more sensitive than man's, and, when marred, the impression is deeper.

Society takes its tone from woman. But yet society is guilty, before the bar of a righteous Judge, for some of its sentiments in relation to woman. In common with man, she is liable to

sin—"to err is human"—but equally with man is she entitled to saving grace. But when woman falls, yields to the voice of pretended affection, is led into temptation, puts confidence in beautiful promises, listens to the wooing of her rightful protector, then is deserted, then is spurned of friends and driven from the home of her youth and all she has ever learned to love, then is exposed, not only to the chill of Winter, but the still more death-dealing chill of society; every one crying, "Away with her! away with her!" and whispering scornfully, "She has been unfortunate,"—knowing all this, knowing that the world has written on her back, in glaring capitals, that all may read as she is turned out to die, the terrible word "outcast," we do not wonder to see her in the coffin of the suicide, or buried alive in the grave of infamy. Such a fate she does not deserve. Such an end she does not crave. She pleads, with the eloquence of an angel, for home and protection and sympathy and kind words and forgiveness; but she is told, in cold words, that her pleadings are all in vain. Society, though largely the cause of her misery, is inexorable; her doom is forever sealed. She appeals with her tears; and these are her most eloquent appeal. O, what power there is in a tear, as it courses its way down over a cheek

where sorrow has written its pale signature! But society shuts her out to drop her tears on the cold earth, and sigh her very soul away in grief. No one pities, no one cares; her destiny is fixed by an unrighteous opinion. She repents. God forgives, and puts upon her heart the seal of Heaven; but society marks her as a thing to be hated. In the name of humanity and of love, we ask, Is this right? Especially do we ask it, when we look at man guilty of equal crime—crime that wastes, crushes hope, and sends a broken, bleeding spirit to the grave. Society is partial. It does not administer the same rebuke to sinning man it does to sinning woman. The one is considered as lost to society; the other passes through the avenues of fashion and refinement, the more a hero. Is this just? O, there cometh a day, on the swift wings of time, when all wrongs shall be made right, when God will unbottle the tears that misfortune has shed, and from vials of wrath will pour them in burning torrents on the heads of those who have trifled with innocence and hurled virtue from its throne.

Society rightly holds most sacred the virtue of woman, and the penalty of its violation is deemed its surest guardian. But society will never be just until, like God, it is forgiving. Such a day cometh. Then shall the erring be

brought back, and their errors be forgiven. Then shall the unrepentant guilty be justly condemned, and virtue, wherever found, have its sure reward. And then shall the fiend, whose chief business it is to contaminate and ruin, be consigned to the great world's censure as "creation's blot, creation's blank."

What are we doing, let us ask, to reach these poor guilty ones in the lower places of life, the fallen? We are doing something. Every Church invites them. The Gospel calls them; we offer them the Bible. In many cities there are societies of ladies who seek them out, and do all they can to rescue them. They may not save all, they do save some. Who can estimate the value of one soul saved, one poor mortal turned from vice to virtue? Then let us discourage every thing that tends to debase our fellow-mortals. Educate womankind, remunerate her honest toil, treat her not as a toy, but as one with a soul and spirit for whom Jesus died. Lift from her the crushing weight of an unjust public sentiment. Let not the pure gold of her nature be beaten into tinsel, and molded into the mere forms of fashion and vanity. No; but let her be what God intended, the purest and best part of the human race, the light of home, the angel of a better life.



Here is the mission of the Church. That mission is to the sinner. Every man, every woman, every child, has a part in this salvation. The poor beggar that asks a penny at your door is your brother. The poor outcast from society, wandering in the cold, dark street, is your sister. There is a difference between you, we know—a difference of position in society, a difference of education, a moral difference; yet what you are, they might have been; what they are, you have escaped being. Now, how did Jesus treat these poor outcasts? He took them to his heart. He saw in them what the world had never seen. He elevated humanity by calling the lowly to himself. All could come. Let society build only on the rich, the learned, and the great, and its mission is a failure. Let it expend its force on the downtrodden, the morally debased; let it begin where Jesus began, and it will be a blessing to the millions. Go, then, to the hut of poverty. Go to the places of foulness and uncleanness. Go to the hopeless and weary. Go, with a word of cheer. Go, with a brother's, a sister's sympathy. Go, touch poor humanity with a pure humanity, and God will bless your mission.

And what a mission! A man may make a fortune, counted by millions of dollars; but when



he is dead, and in his grave, it is soon scattered  
by other hands, and he lies forgotten in the dust.  
Or he may ascend

“The steep  
Where Fame’s proud temple shines afar,”

and live in the gaze of an admiring world ; but the steps of time, which hurry on the generations, will soon cause his name to be forgotten : none will speak it, few will know it. Or life may be given up to selfish gratifications, pleasures, amusements, appetite ; but these only clog the soul, and leave a wreck behind. Not so with those whose mission is to bless others. In such a work you ally yourself with the Infinite Father. You do a work that can not be forgotten. As long as the soul lives, in burning splendor before God’s throne, your work will endure. Time may cease, worlds vanish away, systems change ; but the soul, saved through your effort, changes not. A word spoken to-day in a poor brother’s or sister’s ear, will echo ten thousand years to come. It will not be forgotten, will not fade out ; no, but grow brighter as the cycles roll on.



## CHAPTER X.

### Mission of the Beautiful.

*"Such music as the woods and streams  
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud."*



HERE is in the human mind a desire for change. We are restless by nature. It would not argue much in our favor if we were always perfectly contented. Human restlessness is the road to improvement and discovery.

The fact is, the soul is too great for this world ; nothing satisfies it. If we build a house, no sooner is it completed than we can see where and how we might have improved it ; and so we may go on forever, building and tearing down, rebuilding and improving. This is no fault of human nature. It is not fickleness, as some might call it, but rather the creative power of the soul in active operation.

To meet this want of the human mind, the

Creator has made "unity in diversity" the law of the universe. No two leaves on the same tree are alike, absolutely. The landscapes are unlike. The stars shine with different degrees of brilliancy; the days change constantly through all the varying degrees of temperature; the birds have songs as various as their forms; the sizes, shapes, and colors of all the objects of sight, in both the animate and inanimate world, differ almost infinitely.

And so it shall be in our spiritual future. We shall explore the whole universe, which stretches off into the unmeasured depths of space. Our employment through eternity shall be to roam over these fields, whose treasures of knowledge shall give exercise to our soul-powers through the eternal years of God.

That portion of the globe known as the Temperate Zone is, of all others, the most desirable. It affords a greater variety than any other. Hence, it has produced the greatest men, and exercises the greatest influence on the destiny of the world.

There is a most delightful experience in the changes of the seasons in this zone. Cold, ice-bound Winter is welcome when we have been satisfied with the pleasure-trips and hot days of the long Summer. And then how sweet are out-

bursting Spring and blooming Summer, with their buds and tressy forest-branches, with their freshness and life!

A morning or evening ride to the country, where the landscapes are bright and the air is sweet and pure, where one can commune with nature in her purity, is one of the greatest sources of enjoyment. And especially is this pleasurable in the days of sweet, leafy June, when the flowers, which have been called "the alphabet of the angels," are in full bloom, filling the air with their fragrance; when the birds are warbling forth their sweetest music; when all nature seems to be exulting. There is indeed beauty in every thing which meets our eyes.

What an endless variety of objects we meet at every turn in life, even in a drive of a few hours! And as the eye beholds them, representing every form and color, from the tall and graceful tree which casts a cooling shadow by the way-side, to the noxious weed; from the docile ox to the creeping worm; from the winding river to the tiny rill that goes gurgling across the road; from the far-reaching landscape to the frail gossamer that swings in the air,—the question is often asked, "Is there any thing in this world that is useless?"

We are believers in the existence of God, whose

intelligence is manifested every-where, whose goodness equals his wisdom; and, hence, conclude that nothing which he has created fails to reflect in some way the glory of the Creator. The "firmament showeth his handiwork;" the "heavens declare his glory;" hence, all things, whether animate or inanimate, being related to absolute truth and goodness, are, in some sense, useful and beautiful.

Running through the whole extent of creation, there are beautiful adjustments of parts among themselves, and of all parts to the whole.

The forces of the physical universe are so correlated that there never can be a realization of that dream of the poet:

"The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

If there existed in the solar system one pound of matter more than does exist, then the physical system would be imperfect. If the fiat of the Almighty should strike out of being the smallest planet of space, then the whole machinery of the universe would have to be readjusted to the new condition, just as the raising of the tone of one of the pipes of an organ a semitone or less, requires that the whole forest of pipes shall be changed to correspond with it. Here is the foundation of that well-established law known to

the world of science, by whose unvarying operations no matter in existence, however it may change its form, can cease to be ; no force in the universe will cease to pulsate in space somewhere, without the direct intervention of the Creator.

True, we may not be able to understand how this can be ; yet we do know, by an experience running through the ages—an accumulated experience—as well as by the declarations of the Word of inspired wisdom, that in stability as well as wisdom the foundations of the world are laid.

We do not doubt the being of One who is infinitely wise. Then, we venture nothing when we say, not even a particle of matter has been made in vain—that it could as well not be as to be. We think the physical philosopher must be impressed with this, when he reads the chapters which God has written in the book of nature.

Our text-books taught us, when we were children, that nothing could be destroyed ; that if we were to burn a piece of wood in an oven, and then collect the gas, the vapor, and charcoal, and weigh them, the weight of these several substances combined, would exactly equal the original piece of wood. And when we learned this, we were taking lessons in a philosophy whose teachings did not stop with a piece of wood, but

related, as well, to the soul—comprehended eternity as well as time ; a philosophy of which that brief lesson was only the alphabet, but whose constant unfoldings eternity alone can measure.

There is much said, in these times, of force, its correlation, and its conservation. Much that is said is true, and much untrue. But this one thing is certain, and it is a truth which lies at the basis of all true philosophy ; namely, that all mere force of every kind is an effect, and points to mind, to Infinite mind, as its source. A wave of motion may have been set in operation ages ago ; that wave has come down along the track of the centuries, the result of a propelling power lying back of it. Matter and force make up the material universe, of which mind is the efficient cause ; so that the true philosophy of the world is its theology, and that rests on the belief in one God, who is the maker and upholder of all things.

Then, we have mind, matter, and force. Motion is not force, but the result of force. A flower is composed of particles of matter ; but how were these particles of matter brought together ? By mind ; for there is here contrivance and distinct lines of beauty. But how did mind act thus in bringing these particles of mere matter into such exquisite forms of beauty as you see in



these flowers which bloom around us every-where in Summer-time? We answer, by the laws of force, producing motion. But how does motion have to do with the creation of a rose or a lily? These particles of matter have no power to put themselves in motion; hence, they have been moved to their places—to the stem, the leaf, the petal, or the stamen—to which point they could not have gone of themselves.

Now, we take up that delicate flower, and look upon its form, so graceful, so beautiful. We inhale its delicious aroma; it is nothing but inert matter. How came it into being? Who is its author? And there is only one answer: God made it, and he made all things. So we may mount up this ladder, from the hyssop that springs out of the wall, to the cedar of snow-crowned Lebanon; and on, upward to suns and systems: matter and force make up the worlds of space. But God, the infinite and invisible, is the Creator of them all, and his mind controls all.

Growing out of this general principle of creation and government of matter and force, we come to consider the qualities of things. Now, the qualities which inhere in things, entities, are as important as these things themselves.

Suppose, for a single moment, that the visible creation had no variety; suppose the animals all



had the same form ; suppose all animals were horses,—do you not think we should have rather too much horse? Suppose all birds were of the same plumage. Even if all were peacocks or birds of paradise, we should long for crows ! Suppose all nature had been dressed in garments of blue, from the sod on which we tread to the overarching canopy, then certainly we should all have had the blues ! Imagine what endless confusion there would be if all people looked alike, and how monotonous and unpoetic this world would be. In no respect do we see the great wisdom of the Creator more than in the order which reigns every-where, even amid seeming disorder.

We have said that nothing was made in vain. The seemingly useless in nature, upon which we stumble at almost every step, is as useful as we are. A sponge is a part of the general plan—so is man ; and the sponge has its mission in the organized world, just as surely as a human being has his mission. Angels are greater than men, and men are greater than beasts ; yet in your place you are as grand as an angel, and in its sphere the snail which creeps across our pathway, or the insect which sings in our ears, is as grand as we.

Infinite wisdom is displayed as certainly in the wings of the butterfly as in the spreading out of

the solar system. The microscope surveys a world even more wonderful than the telescope.

In no respect has the Great Architect made this quality an unessential. Things in nature, as they are, are right. We call some good, others evil; some beautiful, others the reverse, *un-beautiful*. But we must not forget that beauty is a relative quality.

The critics tell us of one kind of beauty that is intrinsic, and of another kind that is relative. So, according to the critics, every object in nature is beautiful in some sense. For, there is the "beauty of utility." That which is of use has a beauty allied to its usefulness, and is peculiar to itself. A lump of charcoal blackens your fingers when you touch it; yet it is possessed of a certain kind of beauty, which has reference to furnaces and the smelting of ores. Hence, our definition of beauty, in this case, implies the purposes to which the charcoal is put.

We say of a rose that it is indeed beautiful, not for its use, in the sense of the word when applied to a block of charcoal, but as a something in itself lovely to the eye; for, were it to vanish at our touch, or fly on our approach like the mirage, we should yet exclaim, How beautiful! There is a correlation between certain forms and hues and

the soul of man, by which the former affect and excite the latter.

But are all things useful? We answer, They are, though we may not always see in what manner. The works of God are full of compensations. We can not divine the use of poisonous vermin. Yet their existence argues utility in some way—hence, beauty.

The earth and the air teem with life, seen and unseen; but, to our limited comprehension, the existence of multitudes of beings seems like a contradiction between the power of God, on the one hand, and his wisdom and goodness, on the other. Faith comes to the relief of the inquiring mind as it stands in the presence of nature, just as the astronomer's glance dissipates the shadows of unmeasured distance, and brings to view worlds of light.

What a useless waste of seeds there seems to be in the vegetable world! If all the thistle-seeds which are sent forth on downy wings were to take root in the soil, the whole earth would soon be one vast thistle-bed. And then, what were thistles made for, anyhow? Noxious weeds grow up in our gardens, only to blight and be a pest, choking the more useful plants. Have they a mission, or not? So we may ask of many other things which we see every day of our lives.

We have patches of land that are perfectly sterile, and seemingly without value. But on the general principle of compensation, whether we can see now or not, there is concealed within them, somewhere, a treasure of some kind ; and time will reveal it. We know it requires a great amount of coolness and depth of philosophy, not to say of faith, always to see the "beauty of utility." But how our Heavenly Father has set real and inherent beauty in his works which are spread out before us !

Rivers do not flow in straight lines—the shortest distance between two points—but, in beautiful, graceful curves, they wander from mountain-slope to sea-shore. Here is utility in beauty ; for, while this stream of waters glides along its winding channel, the waters are retarded in their course, and hence the evaporation from the surface is greater ; more moisture is imparted to the adjacent earth ; vegetation is correspondingly more luxuriant ; more flowers beautify the meadows and sweeten the air, and richer fruits are offered to the hungry.

Nature has shown a great preference for curves over straight lines. A circle is more beautiful than a parallelogram, because it is more simple. The boughs of the trees do not project in stiff lines, but they curve with ease and grace. The

leaves could have been cut in squares or parallelograms or diamonds, like the old-fashioned bed-quilt ; but nature has given them an infinite variety of patterns, from almost a perfect circle to the lance-blade or spear.

How carefully has nature penciled the flowers ; the same color passing, by imperceptible gradations, from the deep and rich to the pale and shallow !

The earth itself might have been made as smooth and even as a prairie, without a hill or rock to rise above the level plain ; but what a monotonous world this would have been in that event !

They who think that the torn crust of the earth, in which the granites from below have been heaved up, is on account of man's sin, have a perverted idea of the great world-plan. We wonder how the world could have been utilized, if all the minerals and metals had lain down deep buried under miles of superincumbent rock. How could we have found the coal from whose darkness we get light, and from whose coldness comes heat ? How could we have lived without iron, copper, gold, and all the metals ?

God has made the earth more beautiful, and more useful, by breaking up the earth's crust, raising up mountains, and scooping out valleys.

He has done this all over the earth's surface. Here comes rushing up a trap-dyke; there the whole fossiliferous strata have been washed away, and azoic rocks turn their plutonic sides to the almost melting sun from age to age. Here the coal-measures are wanting, and the "new red" caps the "old red sandstone." And anon the whole tertiary group are swept away by some denuding agency, and the black lines of the carboniferous rise to the surface.

Just how all these changes have been induced, we do not know perfectly. Some say from the fires within. Possibly so, but perhaps not. They tell us that the mountains are upheaved from below. This may be true, but possibly the earth moved very tardily on its axis in the mountain-forming age of our planet; and these tall peaks, which cleave the sky, are only the congealed drippings from a molten state, the icicles on the eaves of this great world-house; or, perhaps, they are the wrinkles in the crust of a shrinking world. We do not dispute the time-honored theory of internal fires, nor do we know that the contrary could be demonstrated. But because heat increases as we go toward the center of the earth, therefore, say the philosophers, the interior is a sea of molten fire. Then a fly might say, if it could speak, reasoning in the same way, as

it sends its proboscis through the skin of an ox, that, as the heat does evidently increase, the ox must be red-hot on the inside !

God has, indeed, worked up the hills and valleys, the rivers and trees, the flowers and birds, into most beautiful forms, and he has fitted the human soul to receive the impressions which these are capable of producing ; so that one is the counterpart of the other, just as the eye is constructed with reference to the laws of light.

An appreciation of the beautiful is a matter of cultivation. In the uncultivated, that which is gaudy, abrupt, and bold in color or form, excites the greater admiration. Flashing colors of the brightest hue, shimmering tinselry and dazzling brilliancy, are the standards of the semi-civilized ; but, as art advances, the taste becomes subdued, and beauty lies in delicate tints and harmonious blendings of color. The taste becomes refined ; and the arts of a refined age or people are as distinct from those of the unrefined as the whole civilization of the one is distinguishable from the other. And all this is true, whether we speak of music, painting, or sculpture. This finds illustration in the history of the fine arts among the ancients. In the days of ancient Greece, the simple and beautiful Doric order of architecture prevailed. This was succeeded by



the Ionic; then came the conquering Romans, and, with them, the Corinthian order of architecture. Finally the tastes of the people changed, when the composite, with all its extravagance, prevailed. The difference between the Doric and composite was just the difference between Greece in the days of her philosophers, poets, and statesmen, and Greece under the rule of the voluptuous Romans. The taste had degenerated when the ornate, composite style of architecture was admired above the simpler orders of a former period.

An uncultivated gardener will set out his trees and shrubbery in straight lines, and cut his paths at right angles with each other, with all the stiffness of military precision; while the cultivated horticulturist will place these same shrubs in knots and clumps, as if Ceres had let fall the seed in handfuls here and there over the earth, in her rapid flight.

Boisterous vociferations, with loud beatings of drums, are the music of semi-civilized nations; while in civilized and cultivated lands such sounds only serve to wake up thoughts of Pandemonium.

Mankind must be taught to appreciate the beautiful in music, in poetry, in painting, and in sculpture. The mind must be taught to view



nature, the mother of all art, in the true way, and learn to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Mountains inspire in us one class of feelings, while the wide-spread prairie produces quite another. People who live on the sea-shore, where they hear the thunder of the surges, have thoughts and feelings which are quite unlike the thoughts of those who live inland. Mountainous regions have produced the best statesmen; the sea-coast the best poets. Looking up to the rocky cliffs of towering mountains has an elevating tendency on the whole being, giving it strength and endurance. All travel in mountainous regions requires more effort, and hence develops a stronger will-power. Mountain-born soldiers have ever been noted for possessing the qualities which win battles. Forests produce the next best. But go and sit upon the sea-rock alone, where the wave sprinkles over you the briny spray,

"Where the green buds of waves  
Burst into white froth-flowers,"

and the sea-gull sails around you on white wing, and before you spreads the bosom of the "troubled sea which can not rest," and ships lie securely in the offing, and the dim horizon bounds in magnificent distance the circle of your vision ;

and, if you do not feel poetic, you may conclude that you have a heart of iron, or a soul never touched by the finger of music. Say what you will of the philosophy of the materialist, there is at least a degree in which it is true.

Now, through all these forms of beauty in ocean, earth, and air, God teaches us. These are the alphabet by which he spells out the true philosophy, and ascends from particulars to the whole; and it does not matter much at what we look, the lesson is the same.

Take up a single crystal of any given substance, and trace its lines of beauty. The planes, considered singly, may be unequal, but the angles are unvarying, and the whole is perfect. By some strange law, these forms are identical in every part of the world. Or look at the modest little flower that blooms at your feet; analyze it, and you will be impressed with the perfections of its mechanical arrangements; while it will form a study as complex, if you descend to the cell-tissue and the vascular system, as the most wonderful piece of mechanism.

Then the color, with all the delicate shadings; the aroma which is emitted from its pores to sweeten the air; the medicinal virtues, too, which are treasured up in this wonderful structure, to obtain which the whole must be crushed and

broken, deprived of its loveliness,—is it not wonderful to consider how strangely the great Creator has mingled in the earth the useful with the beautiful?

Besides, there is not a spot on this whole earth where beauty, in some form, does not greet the eye. Over us are the fleecy clouds, assuming a thousand shapes to our fancy, from playful children to white-winged angels of light. How we have watched them changing their forms like fairies—God's panorama of dissolving views! Then the moon, which treads her evening pathway along the skies, throwing her beams of beauty on us, ever and anon, from out the silvery clouds! Or gaze upon the heavens at night, when the earth is mantled in her cloak of snow, and how bright the stars! How well the childish rhyme, even, expresses the profounder inquiry of the philosopher:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
How I wonder what you are!”

Thus we are lost in amazement; and the more we look, the deeper we plunge into the blue ethereal depth of space, the more we cry out, O how grand, how beautiful! Stand and gaze upward on these spangled worlds, and remember what the Savior said: “In my Father's house are many mansions.” There they are; look at them!

He must be blind, indeed, who does not see an infinity of beauty above us.

Or go wander along the banks of yonder river. See the flowing waters, and hear their gentle murmurings. Catch the exquisitely tender notes of the feathered songsters that live in those deep clusters which skirt the winding stream. Gaze upon the rich colorings of the leaves, the varied hues of the flowers. Watch the flying shadows of the clouds as they chase each other over the far-reaching landscape, and the graceful forms of the fish as they dart by you in the limpid stream. Ah, this is one of God's paintings, which no artist can equal! He is the greatest artist who comes nearest to living nature, who imitates God. "The greatest man is he who has most of God in him."

But what does all this do for us? is the practical question we ask. What is the mission of the beautiful? The answer is, to elevate us to a divine life. As a race, we are still in our infancy. This is the morning of the world's great day. There are powers locked up in nature, whose unfoldings will thrill men and angels with astonishment. The world in sin is abnormal. It is in fetters, groping its way in the dark, but reaching out its hands imploringly toward the light.

The beautiful cultivates in us the ideal, and the ideal is spiritual. It reverses the lower tastes and passions, and gives impetus to the higher. Flower-gardens cost but little; and yet their value is incalculable, because of their refining power. Statuary and paintings bring us into sympathetic relations with the masters of these refined arts; and, as we follow their chisels and pencils, we are drawn toward the hands and hearts that have wielded them. The more we study the works of the masters, the more we become like them. Consequently, if they were true, the more true will we become.

So has God set his signet of truth and beauty upon all his works, and their study draws us toward him. As we follow his pencil and chisel in the infinite paintings and carvings of nature, we shall come into a sweeter sympathy with him, and such a relation as will make us indeed more like him—more spiritual, more divine. Who can feel otherwise than exalted who looks up contemplatively at the heavens, the work of God's fingers? Whose heart does not feel a thrill of holier manhood, who studies man, and conceives of his nobleness? Who can feel impure and unholy amid the pure and holy of God's creation?

It was said of a certain Frenchman, convicted

of the crime of conspiracy against the Empire, that in his prison-yard he cultivated a few choice flowers in a small corner of the grounds. This came to the ears of Josephine and Hortense. They said he could not be a very bad man who loved flowers, and reared them in his prison-yard. They reasoned with Napoleon, the Emperor, who pardoned him. These noble ladies thought well. He who loves the beautiful, gives sign that the heart is not wholly destitute of feeling ; there is some good there yet, which has survived the wreck.

A coarse-looking deck-hand, on board a Mississippi steamer, stood holding in his fingers a rose, on which he gazed thoughtfully. A lady saw it, and felt at once a desire to know his history. She went to him, and asked a few questions. He was of good birth. Friends had loved him—mother, sister, all had died ; but he had not forgotten them. He was fallen ; but in his heart were the recollections of friends and home. Ah, that rose had its associations, and pointed to a heart not wholly lost !

Then, again, as we rise to the ideal and the spiritual, we become purer. We are emancipated from the chains of physical sense. We live by faith, and read of God through the alphabet of his works. Go into that lofty cathedral. Walk

slowly down the sacred aisle, and stand beneath the massive dome ; gaze upon the gorgeous frescoes overhead ; look upon the massive pillars, built as if to challenge the wear of the ages. Yonder, on the altar, burns the dim taper ; and, filling all the temple, hear the swelling notes of the deep-toned organ ! You feel like bowing your head, and saying, " God is in this place."

Go out, now, into His greater temple. Look up into its dome, lighted up with ten thousand stars ; behold the frescoes, blending their myriad forms and hues ; see those rocky pillars ; hear the deep-voiced thunder, whose mutterings make tremulous the air,—and who will say that God is not in this greater temple, whose foundations are in the earth, whose dome is in the heavens ?

Between the beautiful and the true there is a necessary relation. That which is not true can not be beautiful, in any exact sense. The monk who painted a picture of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, with the wall of waters on either side, and the noble figure of Moses in the foreground—and Miriam, with her timbrel and maidens, and the long procession following—made a very artistic picture ; but then he spoiled it by putting muskets upon the shoulders of the



Israelitish warriors ! The picture was not truthful ; and, hence, was not really beautiful. Ruskin, that peerless art-critic, would carry out the principle of truth so far as to carve the unseen part of a column as carefully as the portion falling under the eye ; and thus spare the beholder the unpleasant sensation which is produced in the mind by a consciousness of deception.

But, to bring the principle of beauty into our life, has it a definite relation to us ? The beautiful in human life is the beauty of goodness and truthfulness, rather than that of person. The old saying, " Handsome is that handsome does," is founded in sublime philosophy. A good example is the best kind of a sermon. Jesus said, " And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." There is beauty in the cross, and there is beauty always in simple goodness ; and the wonderful death on Calvary, which contemplated the redemption of the race of mankind from grossness to refinement, from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven, had in it an infinity of goodness. Men are drawn to it, and cry out, *Ecce Homo* !

But there is a very marked difference between simple admiration and love. We admire some things we do not love. We look with admiration upon the heroic among mankind, even in the



deeds of enemies. The daring and skill of the robber may be of a kind to excite in us this sentiment, considered aside from the crime.

The mistake men have made in reference to Christ is, that they have only admired where they should have loved. Admiration draws us to the cross, where we stand and look and cry out, "Surely, this was the Son of God;" but love will prostrate us at the feet of Jesus, and cause us to exclaim, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us!" Admiration will impel us forward, until we shall say, "Surely, thou art a teacher come from God;" but love will bathe his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hair of the head. Admiration exclaims, "Master!" love cries out, "My Lord and my God!" Admiration will draw men up to the very gates of heaven; love will take them in. And the beauty of your life will not be seen until you have come into this loving and beautiful relation, in which Christ dwells within you, "the hope of glory."

Go and be a true man, a true woman. Open your ears to all the sounds and harmonies which come to you; open your eyes to feast on the beauties your Father has spread out every-where; open your heart to receive a heavenly inspiration,—and then go forth on a life-mission of

goodness. Let us know well that a wonderful destiny is before us; a universe to explore, and an eternity in which to explore it. We shall live on, even though death smite us. The line of beauty is where the visible passes into the invisible. The distant curve in the line of vision is suggestive of some world beyond, where others are, whom we have loved here; and where we hope to dwell. So that there is beauty even in death, with its coldness and its stillness.

The thought of the invisible realm—the light, the joy, the beauty of heaven—overpowers our poor, feeble imagination.

“Dreams can not picture a world so fair;  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;  
For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child!”

And such is the life we are living. What thought-forces are impelling us onward! What attractions without are drawing us upward!

There are in our hearts, at this moment, sweet memories of the beautiful past. Many clouds have arisen on our life. Their shadows have been dark; but, then, on those clouds the Infinite Father has placed the silver fringe, and over them spanned the bow of promise.

For, what would life be without its shadows?  
It was Moore who said :

“Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright  
With more than rapture’s ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.”






## CHAPTER XI.

### Discipline of Sorrow.

*"God hath created night,  
As well as day, to deck the varied globe ;  
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe  
Of desolation as in white attire."*

HAT varied experiences the pastor of a large Church may have in one short Summer! We have used the Black Horse and Carryall not alone for our pleasure, but for the comfort and good of others. Everywhere we have met with the afflicted. Almost every house has in it one sick. Here, a child lies pining away, with some incurable malady ; and there, a strong man is sinking slowly, but surely, to the grave. Now, a beautiful girl, in the spring-time of life, wastes away with consumption ; and then, we go where an accident has fallen upon a young man, the sole support of a dependent mother. Here, a mother is taken from a family

of helpless children ; and there, a father is taken from a dependent household.

We have had all these experiences in one short Summer ; and many others.

We have derived no small degree of pleasure in taking the sick out into the fresh, sweet air. There are many of God's poor saints in this world shut up within doors, who are doomed to breathe impure air ; and see but little in the beautiful world, unless some one shall do as we have done.

We have never felt more happy, nor more directly in the line of our duty, than when thus bestowing our attentions upon some deserving saint, or cheering up the life of some sick child.

It has also given us the opportunity of talking with and comforting the afflicted. There is a positive comfort in weeping with them that weep, and mourning with them that mourn.

Such is a pastor's mission—to comfort in sickness, and minister to the dying.

We have often felt that the very best illustrations which Christianity has, are those of the patient sufferers of the sick-room. The world needs such confirmations of the divinity of the Gospel. Sickness, pain, death, are so universal that one meets them at every turn. No one is exempt. And what is so universal must have in

it some good, which we shall see hereafter. But why are some people afflicted so much more than others? We know not ; but there is consolation in the thought that Infinite Wisdom rules the universe. Even a sparrow can not fall to the ground without the knowledge of God. No one can be sick, no one can die, without in some way carrying out the plans of a wise and holy Providence. Sickness, pain, and death have their mission in human life. An old writer said, "Perfumes, the more they're chafed, the more they render their pleasant scents; and so affliction expresseth virtue fully."

There are times in the life of every one when faith becomes necessary to the heart's true comfort. It is easy for us to live and be happy when health glows on the cheek and pulsates through the body, when no want pinches, when no clouds of adversity cast their somber shadows on our pathway. It is easy to be joyful when we are surrounded by our friends, who smile on us, and speak lovingly and cheerfully to us.)

But so varied is our existence, that we can not feel assured of these, as constant blessings of life. Days of sorrow will come, sooner or later, to all. The sun may shine brightly and sweetly to-day, but the cloud will come in the sky to-morrow. The heart may throb with health to-day, but to-

morrow it may palpitate with disease. Friends gather about us to-day, to cheer us with their smiles and loving words ; but to-morrow they are prostrate under the withering touch of sickness, or motionless in death.)

It is then that sight is insufficient. Reason does not answer our questions. The soul needs something higher than reason, better than mere sight ; it needs the holier light of Christian faith, to make beautiful the life and fill the heart with hope.

In human life there seem to be many contradictions. Without taking into the account the Fatherhood of God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, life admits no explanation whatever. Contradiction follows contradiction ; mystery hangs her dark mantle over every thing ; gloom settles down on our poor hearts, and life becomes an intolerable burden in itself.

But for our belief in God, in Christ, in the atonement, in the immortality of the soul, in heaven, in hell, we should look upon His stupendous creation, and view this vast universe of sentient creatures, with feelings of unutterable amazement.

We look within, and what do we find ourselves to be ? What feelings gather in our hearts !

What deep, pure sympathies for and with each other! What love we find there, kindling into the strongest passion for each other! Who can measure the depths of a mother's love for her innocent babe, as she presses the fond little treasure close to her heart? Who knows the pride of the father, as he looks upon his son or daughter, rising into manhood's strength, or budding into the tender charms of womanhood? How deep and pure and sacred is the love-tie that locks two hearts into one; welding them into a common destiny; inspiring them with the same hope; making them one in joy, no less one in sorrow—inseparable even in death itself!

What feelings of hope rise in the heart of mortals; what aspirations after something high and grand and holy—something above mere sense! What plans we make for life! How the human mind grasps at that which is above itself—after the spiritual, the infinite, the eternal! Now put these all together. Gather up your feelings of sympathy, of love, of hope, of holy aspirations and desires, of pantings after something better than this life gives—something different from what this life affords—and then assume that there is no God, no Father, who looks upon us with pitying eye; no Savior who is our ransom from sin; no hereafter,—and you can see that life



would have no explanation: it would be a deep, dark mystery, confounding our judgment, depressing our hearts, crushing out our hope.

We have stood over the dying child, whose beating pulse told that its life was almost gone. We have stood and looked upon the awful struggles with death. We have paused and asked, Why is this? From these innocent lips has fallen no sentence or word of sin. In this childish mind has never come the thought of evil. In this little throbbing heart no passion of wrong has ever burned. Now, where is the explanation? O, if there were no God, no Redeemer, nothing but blind fate, nothing but chance, what would life be worth? where would be our hope? But quickly our thoughts go up to God. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." And that pity is symbolized—expressed. We go back to Calvary, where greater innocence perished in deeper woe; where the just died for the unjust, in sufferings that can have no parallel in all our world's history; where all the bitter consequences of our sin were heaped on one poor bleeding heart, until that meek sufferer cried out in groans and agonies that have sent their echoings to the ends of the earth, and up to the highest heavens—sufferings which only an infinite mind could know, which only He could

endure. And why all this deep grief, this infinite suffering of the Son of God? It is all answered in those memorable words of John, "God is love." This was its best, its highest, its noblest expression to man.

Who can doubt the love of God to man, when he stands before the cross, where innocence died in the place of guilt—when one poor body carried all our woes?

"O love divine, what hast thou done?  
 The incarnate God hath died for me;  
 The Father's co-eternal Son  
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!  
 The Son of God for me hath died;  
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified!"

Here is our only source of comfort—our only hope: "Earth has no sorrows that heaven can not heal." Earth has no mysteries that heaven will not explain.

We have said, over dying innocence: Calvary and heaven, the cross and the throne,—these, and these only, can solve our dark problem. Sin is an awful blot on human character. Man must know its depth and foulness; and to teach him that lesson, Jesus suffered; and, to keep ever in his mind the sin and the atonement, we live in a world whose days are often passed in pain, whose nights are often spent in sorrowful watching. It

is written, "By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation!" And what is only the more difficult for us to comprehend is, that the innocent often suffer more than the guilty. It must be that we are thus more effectually taught.

There is something vicarious in the sufferings of a dear friend, when those sufferings reach and move our hearts as they should, that Jesus accepts and identifies with his own. The good of all ages are one with Jesus. When innocence suffers to-day, it is but the echo of Calvary; the groans of Gethsemane; the cries of humanity wafted on the wings of time, adown the ages, from Calvary. "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." Jesus suffered in the prison with Paul; he was, in a sense, re-crucified with Peter; he burned with the martyrs in Nero's garden; his heart throbs with sympathy for human grief, to-day, as keenly as when he sat at the well of Samaria, or wept at the grave of Lazarus. He is an "eternal sacrifice" for sin; he has gone up to heaven, "touched with the feelings of our infirmities." When any of Christ's disciples suffer meekly and patiently, that suffering is sanctified to some good end. Christianity has need of illustrations in the sick-room. To endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ, is as much a

duty as to "rejoice evermore," or to "pray without ceasing." Many of God's most honored servants have been made "perfect through suffering." This only can explain to us the pains and sorrows of God's children ; and, in it all, the disciple and the Master have one common Father. The Lord is above the disciple. But as he was made perfect through suffering, so are we ; as he came off victorious, so shall we ; as he was made glorious, so we shall be glorious. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is ;" and the fact that we see him, will be a proof of our resemblance to him in glorious spirituality.

There are many events daily occurring in the world that seem to deny the paternal care of God. A ship goes sailing on the ocean, while on her decks are the loved ones of a hundred homes. A cloud rises in the distant sky, no larger than a man's hand. A little breeze is felt, but scarcely enough to fill the sails. But that little cloud grows into fearful proportions, and that stirring breeze becomes a gale. The black cloud hangs in the sky, while over its dark bosom the red lightnings play in awful grandeur ; and the gale spreads and deepens until the ocean is lashed into fury. The ship rides grandly for a while, until at last the hard-strained timbers yield to the heavy sea-pressure, and down into the

undisturbed chambers of the ocean she plunges to her resting-place, with all of the life and love and hope which freighted the noble craft. Here is mystery to all but the believer in the fatherhood of God. The atheist says, "Where is now thy God?" The Christian, sinking with the ship, points out even from those seething waters, and cries, "God's ways are in the deep;" or sings, as he goes home:

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Be it in death, or in shipwreck; or in the devouring flame that spreads its desolation over the abodes of men; or in the fatal lightning that strikes us down in the twinkling of an eye; or in the quaking earth, when cities, that have stood the pride of centuries, topple into ruins; or the belching of volcanic fires over the abodes of men,—we answer, God is in them all. His presence is as much manifest in the still small voice as in the whirlwind and the tempest. He watches the sparrow as it falls; he counts our tears; he numbers our sighs. He is our Father, full of pity and love to mortals.

If we trust to the simple sight of the eye, or the power of reason, in weighing the mysterious dispensations that involve human hopes and interests, we must become bewildered, confused,

and hopeless. The language of Thomson is full of meaning :

“There is a Power  
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,  
That guides its motions, from the brightest star  
To the least dust of this sin-tainted world ;  
While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
Of all, is naught but weakness and dependence.”

And were we to fly from Providence to nature, to seek an explanation of our griefs, our sorrows, our bereavements and misfortunes, we should only go into a realm of deeper darkness ; we should only find ourselves the victims of blind material forces. And these, though they were to crush us, could give no balm to heal—could give us no hope in our darkness.

God, our Father, is our safest, our best creed. Nature is but the hammer with which he strikes the harp on which he plays the anthems of his will. And we, submitting to all that God does, or yielding to what he “suffers to be done,” make ourselves one with him in plan, in purpose, in good, as we are one with Christ in suffering. In this sense we can say :

“All nature is but art unknown to thee ;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;  
All discord, harmony, not understood ;  
All partial evil, universal good.”

Health is not always the boon of mortals. The first sob of the new-born babe tells of pain, and

is the symbol of its life. We weep before we smile. Pain goes before pleasure in the life of mortals. Both enter into life's composition. Life may have its ills, but it has its good. Many are the rainbows of beauty and joy and promise that arch grandly over the life of mortals. Many are life's glad hours, bright days, sweet hopes, and warm loves. And they who see only ills, and feel only griefs, see and feel not as they should. He whose ear catches only discords in the Psalm of Life, has not heard aright life's great anthem. These are the contrasts that vary life. They are not contradictions; they are but the bringing together, in one harmonious aggregate, diverse yet kindred elements of life and hope. Life is a picture sketched by a Divine Artist, and carried to its completion in the existence of man. Rocks rise on its hills; waters oft murky flow in its valleys; oceans beat it with their ceaseless surges; winds sweep through its forests; flowers bloom on its banks of sunshine, and cold snows and warm suns chase each other through its seasons. A picture divine in its conception, harmonious in its execution: the light deepens the shadow, the shadows intensify the light; and without either, the picture would be incomplete.

It was said of Queen Elizabeth that, disregarding the laws of art, she ordered her portrait



to be taken without any shadings. And so we often view the shadows of life, the sufferings, disappointments, and reverses we meet, as so many mere blots on the canvas. But the Divine Artist knows better than we how important these are to the harmony and beauty of the whole. They only have seen the world aright who have looked upon it through the medium of tears.

“Man grows by suffering ; ’t is his Maker’s plan :  
Each, till he suffers, is but half a man.”

This life has, for its main object, discipline. And that life is not lost that has been one of poverty, sickness, bereavement, and disappointment, if these have been received as coming from our Heavenly Father, even though every other consideration of life has been lost.

To work the results of discipline in our hearts, every kind of sorrow may overtake us. Our dearest friends may all be taken from us, and enemies may rise in their place. We may be stripped of all our property in a moment of time. We may become the victims of disease that only laughs at the skill of the physician. We may be the prey of moral vultures, whose delight it is to feed on ruined reputations. “But he that endureth to the end, shall be saved.” To be saved is the great end, rather than to have reputation, health, property, friends, ease, and



comfort. We seek those because of the pleasure they afford us. God gives these because of the good they may do us. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction ;  
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,  
Serves but to brighten all our future days."

In this view, then, it matters but little when we die, where we die, or how we die ; whether in youth or age or infancy ; whether surrounded by friends or enemies ; whether we are rich or poor,—providing life's great end has been achieved. And through its discipline we are brought up into spiritual maturity. Discipline is not pleasant to our senses. We shrink from it. But the Father sees it best for us to suffer ; and many of his dear children look up through tears, through mourning-veils, and from sorrow's pathway, and from the couch of sickness, and from the grave of the loved, and say, with a holy confidence, "He doeth all things well."

God pities us. He does not mete out to us these sorrows willingly, but for our good. "As

a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"Amid my list of blessings infinite,  
Stand this the foremost, that my heart has bled."

God pities our weakness, and proffers us grace. Jesus, the loving Savior, knows what sore temptations mean; for he has felt them. He pities our ignorance, and says, "I will give thee light." He knows our frailty. "He remembereth that we are dust."

"A fly, a hair, a grape-stone, may kill."

He made us of the dust of the ground. Do you pity your own child, love it fondly, caress it? God loves you more. That human love of yours would be a poor measure of his infinite love for us all.

Suffering brings us into sympathy, not only with Christ, but with each other. We are members of a suffering family. However dissimilar our tastes, our habits, our education, or the sphere of society in which we may chance to move, we come together at this point. Let a great sorrow fall on us, and how soon we learn that there are hearts that beat with sympathy for us! We then see the better side of life, the spontaneous outburst of genuine affection, even from those whom we scarcely knew before; and this makes us love our race a little better than

we did. So that human sorrow binds the world into a great brotherhood.

It is God's pity—God waking up the hearts of those around us, to go and represent him ; humanity showing its true self. For however cold the world around us may seem to be, there is, after all, a great world-heart that, under the cloak of fashion or business, still throbs in the breasts of men and women, and only needs an occasion, when, lo ! the mantle is cast off, the office is closed, the gay laugh is hushed, and there it is, a great throbbing heart of sympathy and love, coming to us with the kindest offices.

“ There is One

To whom sad hearts have often gone.  
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,  
None ever came unblest away.  
Then, though all earthly ties be riven,  
Smile, for thou hast a friend in heaven.”

Faith, not sight, is our anchor in the storm.  
“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

All these sufferings point to the future. All our griefs, sorrows, bereavements, trials, and temptations are indices of heaven. They will not go with us to heaven ; no pain or grief shall enter there ; but, like the guide-board by the

road-side, they only tell us which way to take. To murmur at them, to receive them in any other spirit than that in which they are given, is only to leave God's path, and wander off into the mazes of sin—into the wilderness of confusion, doubt, and despair.

Heaven is the explanation of earth, it is the key which unlocks the mystery of all our sorrows, it is the recompense of all our griefs; and its eternal bliss shall pay for all God's children suffer here. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face. Now we know in part; but then shall we know, even as also we are known."

Heaven will solve many a dark problem that has troubled our minds here. It will show us what we can never learn here, and satisfy all our demands when we reach it. We must have faith in God, and live and endure till he says, "Come up higher." Do your work well; and when the frail bark of your life goes down, go with it to the bottom as God shall will, with the heart anchored to the Throne by the strong faith of the Gospel, and it shall be well with you. Go to your life-work with zeal, prosecute it with energy, and meet death when it comes—or griefs and sorrows when they come—with courage, with faith.

A beautiful illustration of manly courage, of Christian resignation and self-sacrifice, was that of the lamented Herndon, commander of the steamship *Central America*, a few years ago. That noble vessel left Aspinwall for the port of New York, with five hundred and seventy-five persons on board, including the crew. When some days out, the ship sprung a leak, and all efforts to save her from sinking proved unavailing. The sea was heavy, the ship was crippled, every arm had worked at the pumps; and all this could not bring the vessel to land. Just then, a small craft hove in sight. Signal-rockets went up every half-hour, while the minute-guns sent their boomings of distress across the waters. The small vessel came to their aid, as nearly as possible. Then the boats were lowered; and first the women and children were taken off, and then the old men, until the small vessel could positively contain no more, and it became inevitable that many must go down with the ship. The captain decided to perish with his crew. He went into his state-room, put on his naval uniform, removed the covering from the gold band of his cap, took his stand at the wheel-house, grasped the iron railing with his left hand, uncovered his head in solemn reverence before God, and thus went into eternity. Here was grandeur of moral character; here was

worth before which the world may pause. Such an end is ennobling—it is inspiring. And such a close is but the concentration of a long life full of noble deeds into a few hours.

Life is not always to be measured by years, but by deeds. And it is often true that in death we only give emphasis to life. Death brings out its meaning. Death rounds our lives to a close, and is but the fragrance of cemented and compacted virtues. In death, we may do a thousand times more for God, and for his cause, than we could do in a long life. And so of all the ills that afflict us, there are times of sorrow, when true Christian grace can best be exhibited to the gaze of man. We must go on trusting in God, and life will be, at least, sweet in the consciousness of right. The cloud will be fringed with gold, and in the deep voice of the tempest that may toss your bark, will come the voice of Jesus, saying, “It is I; be not afraid.” Let us believe that

“Sin can give no wound  
Beyond love’s power to heal.”





## CHAPTER XII.

### Accidents.

*"By scale and method works the Will Supreme,  
Nor clouds nor waves without a limit stream ;  
And all the floods that daylight ever saw,  
The rayless tide of ruin owns a law."*



LOSELY allied to the subject of human affliction, is that of accidents.

We were riding along, on a lovely morning—drinking in the sweet air, feasting our eyes on the beauties of nature, and enjoying ourselves in the highest degree, quite forgetful of the great world around us—when suddenly we espied a group of men gathered closely together in front of a farm-cottage, evidently very much excited.

Every one knows how contagious an excitement is. The posture of the men, the hurry and bustle, told us plainly an accident had happened. We touched Dick with the whip, and were soon

on the ground. There lay a young man, terribly mangled; untrained hands were vainly endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood. We joined the group, and went to work; and, by carefully bandaging the lacerated limb, applying cold water, getting the patient into the easiest possible position, we succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage until the arrival of the surgeon.

The young man had been driving a mowing-machine. The horses became restive; he had applied a whip; the machine had struck a stump; he had fallen before the knives, and was wounded in a score of places,—so that, to save his life, one would have supposed a miracle necessary. Yet, strange to say, he did recover in a few weeks, with just one leg less than when, on that beautiful morning, he took his place on the mowing-machine.

We could not help thinking how suddenly we were projected into a new world. In a moment, we were out of a realm of pleasure, sunshine, and joy, into one of the very reverse. A brother's cry of distress had fallen on the ear; and away we hurried, to bind up wounds, and comfort one in agony.

And such is life. One-half of the world is quite forgetful of the other half. There is a wedding-party in one house, while a funeral



cortege passes from the door of the house adjoining. Here they are singing and making merry, and just across the way they are watching by the bedside of the sick and dying. Plenty crowns the board in one house, while want pinches in another. Human life is made up of these extremes.

But, then, we do not believe that, because there are sorrows and sickness and want and death in the world, there should be no cheer and gladness. If my neighbor is too poor to own a carriage, that is no reason why I should not. If my next-door neighbor has the gout, that is no reason why I should screw up my face as if I had it too.

The more of cheer and joy there is in the world, the better for the world. We should sympathize with those in affliction, and help them; but we should not aim at hanging the whole world in weeds of mourning. All accidents affect, more or less closely, human life. We are every-where exposed to them. In this world, neither life nor property is anywhere safe, excepting in a comparative sense.

That young man could not have foreseen the event which deprived him of a limb, and came well-nigh taking his life. We can all see, after an accident has happened, how it might have

been averted. But, then, we are not gifted with foresight.

Who could have foreseen the destruction of the great city of Chicago by fire, in a few hours?—a city with nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants; a city of no secondary magnitude, one whose interests were interlaced with those of a whole nation; a city into which a score and a half of railroads poured the wealth of a continent!

That such a city should take fire, and burn up its chief part, is indeed an event which we can now believe possible only because we have seen the devastating work of the flames. Had it been said by any man, before the occurrence of this dire calamity, that such might be the case, it would only have excited derision.

The city of Chicago did not burn because of the temporary manner in which it was constructed. The fire raged most fiercely through the best-built portion. Who has not seen those massive blocks of masonry in the neighborhood of the court-house? These buildings were constructed with reference to the possible danger of fire. All the precautions were taken to guard against any such calamity. And yet we see them melt away before the encroaching flames, like houses of wax or paper. Brick, stone, and iron

had no power to resist the fire-storm of that fatal night.

Men generally protect themselves by precautionary measures against possible loss, by placing guards over their property. The dull tread of the watchman, through the long and dreary night, tells us that there is a foe to be dreaded, a danger to be feared. This every man feels, as certainly as he feels the air around him.

Against the intruding burglar, he places the strongest bolts and bars, the most complex combination-locks; and then keeps his light burning, so that every motion may be seen by the sentinels who keep watch over the coffers of the rich.

Against the devouring flames, the enterprising merchant or property-owner places the guard of insurance. He spends willingly a large sum of money, that, in any event, he shall not lose his property.

To protect the city, the most complete fire-department is organized. Steam is invoked as a motive-power, to throw the stream farther than could be done by the human arm. The vast lake is made to contribute its waters in the time of danger. Indeed, what precautions could have been used, which were not, by the intelligent men of the stricken city?

And yet, in spite of all the devices of art and skill of science, the city has been laid waste. The steam-engine had not power enough to drown the raging flames with its flood of water; the lake, on whose banks the fire raged with remorseless fury, could not quench them with its flow of waters.

Bolts, bars, and combination-locks were of no avail now; for fire can penetrate where the hand can not reach, nor the eye see. The faithful patrolman could not ward off the attacks of the fire-fiend, when once he determined to consume the works and wealth of man.

Blocks of stone and iron are no barrier to his progress. The monster walks over them; crushes them under his feet; blows his breath of flame through thick walls; and lays in ruins, in a few hours, what the active hand and heated brain have brought into being through years of time, toil, and patience.

And that reliance on the power of insurance proves too weak in such a calamity; for, the prop on which insurance itself leaned for support once gone, that, too, falls to the ground, and there is the end.

To every plan and purpose of man, there is a contingency—a possibility of failure, founded in the very constitution of things.

We see no particular necessity now for holding a court of inquiry to ascertain where the fire began, and how; or what the course of its deadly path. Here is a great fact which stares us in the face—a fact that, in the face of all the efforts of intelligent government and the laws of self-protection, over-riding every wall of safety, the flames have triumphed; and a city, on which the world had looked with feelings of commingled wonder and pride, is converted into a huge heap of smoldering ruins.

And now this\* whole question of accidents comes properly before us.

There is a railway collision, and many lives are lost; or a steamboat explosion, when scores are sent into eternity in a moment; or a building falls, and many are buried in the ruins. Then there come the public indignation and censure of all concerned. Perhaps justly; for there is a recklessness in the management of boats and cars, often, which merits rebuke.

But, then, should we not know that these calamities always have occurred, and always will?

Man is not perfect in his works. He can not build a perfect building, nor construct a perfect machine of any kind. You may take a compass of the most delicate structure, and yet you can not describe a perfect circle; your hand is not

perfect. The instrument itself is not perfect ; for man made it.

There is here a great truth which impresses us ; namely, that there is in us, and in all our works, this element of frailty—imperfection. The laws of nature are perfect ; the instincts of the animal world operate with certainty—animals make no mistakes ; but when you come to man, the being of reason, then you find a being of error in judgment and sinfulness of heart. Let him be as careful as he will over all his actions, yet he will find himself where ~~he~~ he will say : “ If I had done this, or left undone that, this would not have happened.”

Then, there is in the very constitution of things an element of weakness. The very rocks are temporary : they crumble under the hand of time. The granite or iron shaft will fall ; the most gigantic engine has its weak part, which, under some pressure, will give way. The steamer may go safely on many a voyage over the stormy sea, triumphing over wind and wave ; but, in the end, sinks to the bottom, or falls a prey to the consuming flames.

The railway may be managed with consummate skill ; every part may be guarded, and every wheel be carefully inspected ; and yet the undiscoverable flaw in the iron, which may indeed lie

beyond the ken of mortals, will give way, and the crash will come.

Men are not gods. The watchman may be overcome with sleep ; for even the army-sentinel, on picket-duty, has fallen asleep, when death was the penalty of his fault.

The human mind is forgetful ; some point in the time-table is unnoticed. The watch on which the engineer depends was made by man, and is imperfect ; the failure of some little wheel is the cause of a terrible railroad disaster.

The human judgment is weak ; and often, when man would be true to himself and to others, he makes mistakes, and ruin comes on others, disasters ensue, which shroud whole communities in gloom. We are bound to protect life and limb ; but we must be merciful in our judgments of men. The patient may die, though the best medical skill be employed. The disaster will come on life and property, do what we will.

If left to us, none would die ; for we always seek to prolong life. And, when our friends die, we say, if we had used this remedy, or that, they might have lived. No machines would break, if we had our way. No accidents would occur, if we could prevent them.

Ah, this human frailty, this innate imperfection in man, which shows itself in all his words

and in all his actions,—we can not think of it without a deep feeling of humility! This frailty and death are implied in the text, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” God means to execute the law of mortality in this world. The man of health and strength often falls to the ground in a moment, without any assignable cause. Infancy and age alike perish from the earth. The pestilence walks with deadly tread among the children of men, sparing none. The earth is made to quake by some invisible power, and cities are toppled into ruins, and life and property are wasted with lavish hand. The rains descend from the heavens, and floods are created which sweep away the abodes of men with all they hold dear.

The spark kindles the flame in the forest or city, which sweeps on in its course, destroying man and his works without pity.

O, this world is full of frailty, full of vanity! “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher!”

Build as strong as you will, be as careful as you may; and yet, with humanity as it is, and with material things as they are, it can be said truly, “There is nothing sure but heaven.”





## CHAPTER XIII.

### Heart Life.

*"The swelling of an outward fortune can  
Create a prosperous, not a happy man ;  
A peaceful conscience is the true content,  
And wealth is but its golden ornament."*



THE Black Horse and Carryall go to very many funerals. It is a positive benefit to a Church for the pastor to own a vehicle of some kind. They who make provision for a minister's expenses should take this into the account. In every large society there are many funerals every year. Funerals are expensive. It costs a good deal to die and be decently buried in these times. It is grateful to the tender feelings of the bereaved to see a fair representation on these sad occasions. Sometimes vanity here finds its expression, too, when empty carriages, tightly closed, go slowly along, as if filled with mourners. Ah, that is a mere mockery !

One of the saddest funerals to which we ever drove "Dick," was that of C. J. He was of good family. Father, mother, and two sisters he had to love him. At sixteen, he was a Church member. He wandered away from Church and Sabbath-school, formed bad habits, and, sad to relate, entered a saloon one evening, drank to intoxication, fell into an angry altercation with his companions, was thrown out of the door against a stone wall, and killed almost instantly. As he lay in his coffin, still in death, with such a manly look—for he was so handsome, and his poor mother and sisters sobbed as if their hearts would break—if ever we resolved to lift our voice to the young men, it was then.

A young man rode with us to the cemetery on that occasion, a companion of C. J., to whom we talked kindly. With what effect, time, possibly eternity, alone can tell. We amplify our suggestions to that young man, and hope, through these pages, to reach others, and do them good.

There came to the Savior, on one occasion, a young man whose heart was evidently burdened with a question of deepest interest. He desired a place in the "kingdom of heaven." He craved for "eternal life," and was willing to do some "good thing" in order to obtain it. The Savior knew well his heart, and saw that it would not

be possible for him to be his disciple, and yet cling so fondly to the world. So he gave him advice to go and sell all he had, give alms to the poor, and then come and follow him.

This young man was rich ; yet his riches could not give him true contentment. "He went away sorrowful ;" rich, but sad. He was of high social rank, a noble young man, whose companionships could be of his own choosing ; yet he was troubled in heart. "He went away sorrowful ;" the best society, but sad. He was intelligent, cultivated. But, then, that which satisfies the mind does not give peace to the heart. "He went away sorrowful ;" intelligent, but sad. He was moral, he had been an observer of the law, and had kept the precepts of religion from his "youth up." "He went away sorrowful ;" moral, but still sad. Rich, high social rank, intelligent, young in life, moral ; but still with a worm gnawing at the heart, a void in the soul.

This, then, clearly shows us that there is a life possible to us which is in some way attainable—attainable by a specific course of action on our part. To some reflections on this, we invite your thoughts in this chapter.

There are some young men whom we meet in the daily walks of life, who are, indeed, models of moral excellence. Their disposition is ami-

able; their character seems rounded into beautiful, symmetrical proportion. They stand before the world the embodiment of all that is admirable and lovable in human life. We look to them as the pillars of the social fabric. They are, by common consent, awarded the place of honor in society. They constitute the heroic band who shall defend the world's honor and virtue against the attacks of its war-clad enemies, as the immortal band of Spartans guarded the pass of Thermopylæ against the legions of Persia. A young man of probity, of unselfishness, of real heart-goodness, is worth something to the society in which he moves, as well as to the world at large.

There are other young men, who are the opposite of these. They are selfish, aimless in life, mere excrescences on the body of society, in whom mankind have no confidence, and whose existence inspires no hope in any human breast.

So it is: some stand proudly on the eminence of virtuous manhood; others are sunken into the most degraded bestiality. Some have the power to attract all with whom they come in contact; others repel by their unloveliness, their want of the qualities that win. These are differences which have come under the observation of all. It is no uncommon remark one hears dropped

from the lips of observing people, "There goes a model young man;" or, "There goes a young man who is a perfect wreck."

The question is not what any young man once may have been, but what he is now. Five years ago, he may have been the chained victim of passion. Three years ago, he may have been the most unpromising young man in the community. But the past is gone. He may have turned squarely about, his haunts have been abandoned, his old habits have been broken off; and this hour he walks erect, with a determined will, and is worthy of universal confidence.

Now, we would say to the young man, that heart has much to do in making or unmaking you.

By heart, we do not mean the muscular viscus which propels the blood through the body; but we use the term in a poetic or figurative sense. The word applies to the inner part of any thing; it means the chief part of any thing. In man, it relates to the seat of his affections, the fountain of love or enmity, of grief or pleasure.

"All our actions take  
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,  
As landscapes their variety from the light."

Heart, then, makes us or unmakes us. The heart right, the life will be. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, forni-

cations, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies : these are the things which defile a man."

The heart may be hardened in sin, or softened by Divine grace. In short, a man's life is to be measured, valued for good in this world, not so much by what he knows, as by what he is in moral goodness.

All reformation of character must begin at the heart ; it is the center of being, the spring of our motions. You must love to do right, not because men will think better of you simply, but because *right is right*. There must be heart in what you do ; you must do right because you feel like doing right. Honesty is not the best of policy, but it is the best of principle.

The upbuilding of your life must be on the heart-basis. Who loves or admires a cold and heartless man ? An iceberg may glitter and shimmer in the sun, and be grandly beautiful ; but, then, its presence chills us.

The difference between the cold and heartless man and the true, genial man, is the difference between the lofty peak of a mountain that touches the clouds, snow-clad, and the valley, warm with sunshine and fragrant with flowers, at its base.

The power to reform a wayward life, every young man possesses. Men may grow old in sin,

their habits become fixed in their very constitutions, so that they can not change; but there is not a young man anywhere who may not stop his vices, and become a new man, if he so will.

The will-power in man is planted there to be supreme. Here is the seat of your real power: to be able to say, when the tempter comes to lure you away into wrong, "I will not;" to say "No," when it should be said. Many a young man could face the storm of battle with a dauntless courage, who yet might not seem able to say "No" to a boon companion when asked to enter a drinking-saloon. And why? Because the will has not been properly used. Any power you possess will decay if it is not employed.

What is the estimate we place on that young man's moral manhood, who will stand up and say he has no power to withstand temptation—who ever pleads his weakness when urged to do right? To the young man of will, every avenue of goodness and greatness is open. And if they were not, then he should be like the old Roman who said, if there was no way for him, he would make one with his sword. Fortune and fame are yours, if you will have them.

Let us point you to habit, as a power for good or evil in every human life. Habit is simply tend-

ency, strengthened by practice. But how powerful it becomes ! The habit of fingering a button on his coat was so strong with an eminent lawyer, that, in a great suit, he lost his case because his opponent stealthily cut off the button before he rose to make his plea ; its loss disconcerted him, and failure was the result. Most of the vices to which men are addicted, are vices of habit. Why do you smoke, swear, play billiards, sit around the store to the great annoyance of clerks and customers ? Because you have got into the habit of doing it.

Now, the will-power should be stronger than mere habit. No man is truly manly who can not break off a bad habit by the force of his will. It was said of the first Alexander, Emperor of Russia, that his personal character was equal to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only one of the French gentry who could keep his castle-gates unbarred. His personal character was worth more than a regiment of horse. This was character ; and in these men it meant strength. True character, however, in a Christian sense, is something more than strength ; it is a combination of strength and goodness—will-power and heart-power. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his assassins, and they asked him, "Where now is your



fortress?" laying his hand upon his heart, he said, "In here!"

Money is power, as we all know; for men are drawn by it as the moth is drawn to the flame. Knowledge is power, and gives its possessor a kind of kingly supremacy. Fame is power; for in all ages men have been hero-worshippers. But over all these, over wealth with its glitter and show, above even knowledge and fame, rises that strange weight which some men carry within them—a blending of strength and goodness, moral integrity, life-purpose, adherence to a settled principle; a strange something which can not be counterfeited, which can not be felt or seen unless it exists, and, where it does exist, makes its possessor godlike.

But is character inherent in us? or may it be acquired? We answer, it is both. It is a fact that all men are not equally gifted. God has not cast all minds in the same mold. A less degree of talent should never be a disparagement to any man. Be yourself in every sense; but strive to make the most of yourself. A man with five talents can be as good, as courageous, as stable, as he who possesses ten. A small talent, well employed, is better than great ones wasted. Inasmuch, then, as character, in the high sense, owes its value and power to good-

ness, we may hold that it is acquirable. There is enough in every man to astonish the world; for so few of us reach the maximum of real goodness, and, by consequence, real greatness.

We come, now, to inquire into the source of true greatness in life. What is it? We answer, the perfection of the moral and intellectual nature in man. In other words, the religion of the Bible.

Religion, in the sense of conversion, the creation of a "new heart," is not an effete dogma, which you have outlived, which belongs only to the past ages. We are not forgetful that we live in an age of very decided skepticism, and we know full well that it weakens any young man's hold on society in its better form, to proclaim himself a skeptic. It is fashionable, nowadays, to be "free-thinkers." And men, both young and old, who have scarcely traveled beyond the limits of their native state, who have never read much of history, philosophy, or theology, set themselves up as critics of religion—denounce as false what they have not read, and what they have scarcely the power to understand, if they did read.

Do you know that the ablest men of all the lands are firm believers in the truthfulness of the Bible?

Do you know that the battle between religion and irreligion, between evangelical Christianity and infidelity, was fought by David Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and their confederates, against the champions of the Christian faith, and that they were defeated?

These men were giants; but they fell before the Davids of God's army. These men wrote on their altars, "There is no God;" on the doorway to their cemeteries, "Death is an eternal sleep." But is this the faith of the world now?

Do you know that the printing-press of Voltaire, which he used for the overthrow of the Christian religion, was used shortly after his death for printing Bibles? Do you know that Voltaire himself sent for a priest, to whom to make his confession of sin before he died? And have you learned that Hume's house, at Edinburgh, was used for a Bible depository? and that, by a strange coincidence, Gibbon's house, at Lausanne, was used for the same purpose?

There is no argument in these simple facts, we admit. But in them, still, we may discover the weakness of their cause, and a prophecy of the fate of all unbelief.

Experimental godliness is a verity. Turn away from the teachings of the Savior as you may; mock at Christianity, as many do; boast proudly,

as men always have done, over your own self-sufficiency, and your reliance on reason; but we assure you that you do it at your peril. You have brains to cultivate, and hands with which to toil; but you have hearts as well. The woe of sin you feel; its bitterness you have experienced. Of these things you are as conscious as that you live in God's beautiful world. There is a subtile poison streaming forth in the writings of many modern book-makers, which is seeking to undermine the foundations of belief. There is a rebellion against God in the human mind. All see its effects, all have felt its power.

But how many there are who call in question this heart-religion! Ask them why they disbelieve it, and they can not tell you. They plead mystery; but there is mystery in every thing. They bring forth the old plea of superstition, and charge upon those who profess to have "passed from death unto life," that they have been deluded. Then how will we dispose of the testimonies of men who have stood up, in their strength, in the maturity of their years, to declare the fact that they have passed through this change in answer to prayer?

On the common law of testimony admitted in all our courts, on which the interests of life and property depend, and which all men accept, we

base the claims of the religion of Jesus. And as the great Teacher said to the doubting Nicodemus, we say to you, "Marvel not ;" "Ye must be born again."

Now, what will heart-religion do for the young man? What will it do for any man?

Piety must be considered in a twofold aspect: First, its relation to our future state; secondly, its influence on this life. The promise to the child of God is, that he shall have the "life that now is," and also "that which is to come."

The mistake which too many make is, that they regard piety as something useful to die by—as a kind of insurance policy, payable at death—and not as an investment bringing in something all of the time.

Heaven is a good place, and we all desire to go there; but we must not be too much in haste. We have a work to do in this life, for ourselves as well as for others. It does not sound well for Christians always to be talking about dying, as if that was all they had to do. Talk some about living right; for if we live right, death will have no sting, and heaven will be gained all safely.

We see the young man stepping forth upon the world's active stage; and, surely, it is a stage. The crowd of the world is around him, cheering

him on in the rôle he proposes to take. The scenes are attractive, the play bewitching. There is a prize to win, something to be gained or made. The world says, "He that does not venture, will not win." In this fast age, in these skeptical times, with all the moral forces acting upon him, do you ask us what one thing will most insure his fame, and most conduce to his welfare? We are ready to say, genuine heart-culture; the religion of Jesus, as taught in the Bible.

This will preserve the conscience, and secure his own self-respect. And what is a man, without this element? One whose soul recoils upon himself, whose transgressed conscience lifts up her voice by day and by night in the breast, can not walk the earth as man should. We do not say that there is no conscience where there is no religion, but we do say that the possession of true religion will ever keep the conscience clear.

There is a good deal of meaning in the old maxim, "Better be right than be king."

No man's joys of the world are made any less by being a Christian. Godliness forbids no lawful pleasure. Discipleship in the Church of Christ is not a crown of thorns; nor does it lead necessarily to the martyr's stake, or the gloom of the dungeon.

The highest joys of the soul are not those of the moment's gratification of sense; not the whirl of the dance, nor the excitement of the play; not the satisfaction of the glutton, nor the satiety of the drinking-saloon, nor the enticements of the gambling-house.

There is, in the soul of every being created in the image of God, an instinctive craving after a higher life; an upturning toward that which is spiritual; an effort of the mind to grasp the invisible, and seek it as a permanent good.

You may be noble in your aspirations, you may be true to your neighbor, you may be moral to the last degree; but, unless you ascend up higher on the ladder of true development, there will always be a dread void in your soul—a something, you may not know what. But you will feel what the poet has expressed:

“The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh.”

• No man is true to himself who does not seek after this heart life. It will come in as a shield in the hour of danger. When poisoned arrows fill the air about you, it will be around you a coat-of-mail. When adversities flow in upon you, and you see your property swept away, you can put your hand upon your heart, and say, “I am rich still.” When friends fail, and drop into the



grave, where all of us shall lie, it will inspire you with hopes immortal for the world to come. And when you lie down upon the couch of the dying, as you must, it will afford the hope which your soul will crave.

Young men, rise to the grandeur of the thought; and let it inspire you. Time is too precious to squander in any pursuit less dignified than the soul which stirs within you. The talents which God has placed within your breast are gems too costly to be unused—too beautiful to be buried forever.

The arena on which this hour you stand, by the appointment of God, offers a field replete with the grandest opportunities to every true man. Your possible development of mind, soul, heart life, should be the first thought daily. The ship which comes to you is freighted to the water's edge with golden opportunities. Be up and doing, for God and humanity.

The world has various modes of measuring men. Some will value you according to the acres and dollars you own. Some will gauge your dimensions by the social position you hold in life; and others will applaud only where they see display. But in the Eye where darkness never comes; before Him in whose hands are balances which move only at the touch of worth;



at the bar where right shall ever stand unshaken,—there true manhood, unsullied character, human worth, shall stand proudly erect, like the mountain summit piercing the clouds.

On the walls of a famous city, once paced back and forth a Roman sentinel, with helmet and shield and glittering spear. In the deep darkness of the night, a volcano burst forth; and on the city, in its slumbers, poured its torrents of fire and death, inhuming in deep oblivion the city and the watchful sentinel upon the walls.

Centuries passed, in their slow procession; and the antiquarian sought, amid the *débris* of the ruined city, the relics of her former greatness. Gold and silver and precious stones were gathered, to spangle in court-dress and add luster to crowns; sculptures, to adorn the palaces of the rich, and increase the attractions of galleries of art. But that which was most precious among all the wonders exhumed from out the buried city, was the charred form of the faithful sentinel, clasping bravely, even in death, his spear. What a lesson of integrity in that "skeleton in armor!"

Ay: the world will, after all, admire the true man, the man of heart, of worth, of richness and beauty of character. When the tinsel and show of life are forgotten, when its riches and

its fame have all vanished, that of which you may think least to-day, will be of greatest value. The shadow will pass, the substance endure. The body will crumble to dust; the spirit will live on, through the eternal years of God.

“The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die!”





## CHAPTER XIV.

### Thinking and Growing.

*"Man is a pilgrim spirit clothed in flesh,  
And tented in the wilderness of time ;  
His native place is near the eternal Throne,  
And his creator, God."*

**E**DUCATION and Religion are twin sisters. The culture of the heart comes first in order, and is of the first importance. If either kind of culture is to be omitted, it would be better to omit brain-culture. If a man is virtuous—if he can be trusted by all—his ignorance can be borne with, he can be respected ; while a man may be brain-wise, but immoral, not possessing the confidence of any one.

Culture of the brain does not necessarily imply that of the heart ; but all true heart-culture does imply the culture of the brain. Christianity is not a foster-mother of ignorance ; but, in every age and in every land, has shown herself

to be the promoter of knowledge, as well as of virtue.

We have urged upon you, in the preceding chapters, the duty of heart-culture ; the necessity of a religious life, as the best way of securing your greatest happiness and best manhood. We claim, then, as a second duty, binding upon all young men in this age, that of education—brain-culture.

The author of the Book of Proverbs has spoken to you : "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." Again : "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom." We could cite many others, equally to the point.

You will all agree with us in the remark, that the mind is formed for growth. You have observed its unfoldings, in yourselves and in others. How feeble is the infant mind ! How gradually we come into the possession of knowledge ! How slow is the process of education !

With regard to the origin of our knowledge, there are two theories. One is called the "sensational," because its advocates claim that all our knowledge is derived through the senses ; that our ideas come in through the eyes, ears, taste, smell, and touch.

This theory is in part true ; we do thus obtain .

much of our knowledge. This is the source from which we derive our first practical knowledge; as of distance, height, roundness, smoothness, cold, heat, form, color, and the qualities of bodies generally.

The other theory maintains that the mind has certain knowledge by virtue of its own action; that it has intuitions, primary judgments.

The truth does not lie in either of these theories to the exclusion of the other. Knowledge is gained through the senses; and then, in addition thereto, there are some kinds of knowledge which we gain by the powers of intuition, or primitive judgments. But the mind has an expansive power; to unfold is as much its law as the opening of Spring flowers is a law of vegetation. We all should know more than we do. If we were careful to gain some good and useful knowledge each day, how vast would be the extent of our acquirements when age comes upon us! and come it will.

Then consider, too, how all the universe invites our study. God has hid the secrets of nature beneath a veil; so that he who would be wise must reach forth his hand and lift the covering. He who would be rich in the treasures of knowledge, must not be afraid to inquire at the shrine where the goddess of wisdom presides. They learn most who are willing to confess their igno-

rance ; while those who know every thing, can, of course, learn nothing. If, therefore, you would be truly wise, be always learning something, always admit the possibility of your own improvement. "Be not wise in your own conceits." Every man knows more about some things than other men. The philosopher, or man of science, can learn from the humblest mechanic or day-laborer ; who, in turn, must learn many things from the philosopher. Two things, then, let us ever bear in mind : we can gain knowledge, substantial and useful, from those about us whom we may regard as our inferiors ; and, secondly, that knowledge is valuable, no matter where we obtain it, or how we obtain it.

Man is the only being on the face of the earth which is capable of improvement. Birds and animals may be trained to perform very strange actions, but they are not possessed of reason ; nor do they grow up into any improved condition of intelligent life. Education is not a cramming process. We should not send our children to school to be filled with knowledge, as bottles are sent to the apothecary-shop to be filled with some kinds of drugs, corked up, and labeled this or that. Education means to draw out ; it means mental drill, mind-furnishing, acquired power to do brain-work.

You will please note this fact, that the great power which is moving the world is brain-power. We see the wheels of industry revolving; we hear the hum of machinery; we see the fast-sailing steamer upon the ocean. Go where you will, in country or in city, there is motion among the elements; and we ask, What is the cause of all this? And the answer is, Mind-power; brain is at work. These are its results.

The brain is the seat of intelligence. It investigates all substances; it compares, weighs, determines the relations of things, seeks out truth, detects and exposes error, lays down premises, and draws its conclusions.

It was thought that found the coal-vein in the earth and determined its use; thought discovered the force in steam and electricity. Brain made the steamer and the railroad; brain is the great unfolders of hidden resources. The sewing-machine and the magnificent reaper are daughters of brain; they are brain-born: so that, back of all these activities which thrill society, at the base of all these useful inventions and improvements, is mind-power.

It is a mystery how the mind can so act on the arm as to raise it, and no man is wise enough to tell us how it is done. If we should here declare it an impossible event, the arms of the reader

would rise spontaneously to convince us of our error. Though we can not explain the mysterious process, we yet admit the facts.

So in the general action of brain-power on matter: it is a fact that mind brought together the iron and steel which forms the locomotive. You say, "Yes, but there was the toiling hand as well." True; but what is toil without mind or brain-power? The mind directs all the movements of the wheels in yonder factory.

In the beginning, God said to man that he should have dominion over all the earth. This is literally true. The power of man extends to all things. He is master of the seas; there are no oceans on which his ships do not sail. He is master of the land; mountains and valleys are subservient to his purposes. The forces of nature are obedient to his will. And all this, because he is gifted with that strange power which lifts him above all his surroundings, animate and inanimate—the godlike power of mind.

Some men believe that brain secretes thought just as the stomach secretes the gastric juice; thus reducing man to a mere animal, a machine, a material entity. In proof of this, they bring forward the diseased brain, the deformed brain, the injured brain, to show that man's spiritual and mental natures are, in an absolute sense,



dependent upon his physical organization, and that, therefore, man is simply a material being; that he has no soul; that thought is only another name for electricity, or heat, or some other force of some kind. Now, it is true that the brain is the seat of thought-power. Our intelligence acts through this material medium; and, when the medium is harmed, or is diseased, it does interfere with our intelligent actions. But this does not prove that there can be no thought without brain. Thought and brain are connected in this life, and they act according to well-established laws; but in the life to come, when the body shall have decayed, the mind will exist with all its powers unimpaired, independent of any organization such as belongs to its growth and development in this life.

There is a belief among men, that the size of the brain has to do with the mental ability of man; and we talk of measuring the thought-power by a tape-line, and setting down the ability to think, in figures, as we calculate the capacity of a barrel, or figure up the solid feet in a shaft of granite.

Now, this is reducing intelligence to quite a material basis, and dragging the noble being made in the image of God, down to the level of a steam-boiler or heap of coal!

The fact is, the size of the brain alone has very little to do with the mind-power of any man. A big brain may be, just like a big arm, naturally soft and feeble; for no man's strength is determined by the diameter of his arm, but by its solidity and vigor. So some small brains are finer in texture, healthy, and more vigorous than some very large ones. Daniel Webster owed his mental power, not so much to the size of his brain, as to the circumstance that it was of good *quality* as well as large. Some of the world's great men have had small brains, while many of its weakest men have had large ones.

The cultivation of the mind, we have said, is second only to that of the heart, and naturally supplements it. Here comes up a question to be considered. Does the mind control the heart, or does the heart control the mind? In other words, does the intellectual control the affectional, or the affectional the intellectual? The best road to any one's inner life is through the mind. In the natural order, thinking goes before feeling, and produces it. David said, "While I mused, the fire burned." That is, while he reflected on his nature and destiny, his heart was made warm. He who acts simply from feeling is very likely to go wrong, or not go at all. A ship had better not move an inch than be dashed upon the

rocks. And, if it does move, it needs the rudder. Men had better not move than to move in the wrong direction. And, unless the rudder of the intellect guides us, we shall be dashed upon the rocks of error.

That which we call truth is the province of our intellections; and, hence, every man, to *be* right, must *think* right. Hence, the Savior said, "Go, teach all nations." Cultivate in the minds of all men the love of the truth, and thus lay, in every case, an immovable rock on which to build up character. Reach the heart, and shape the human destiny by the training of the minds of all men to think correctly.

There is, then, the universal, individual right to be thus cultivated. No one man, or any class of men, has a title, in fee simple, to all the domain of knowledge. The opportunity for education is equal to the right to be educated. Any young man who desires an education can receive it, if he will. It is a prize held out to no privileged rank, but a field in which the son of poverty may contend with the child of wealth. The young man of the shop may be the successful aspirant for the golden honors over the son of wealth. Nature is not partial in the bestowment of the wealth of talent. She has scattered her gifts like the leaves of Autumn—broadcast—and

in the breast of many a poor young man she has put a good heart, and crowned it with a good head.

Let every young man know that, while colleges and universities are great helps to an ambitious mind, they are, by no means, a necessity. All the colleges in the universe could not convert one of these thoughtless, frivolous young men into a scholar. There is no magic about a college which can bring upon the student a strange spell of some kind into which he will go a dunce, and out of which he will come a philosopher. Education means study, intense application, the effort of the mind to overcome difficulties. It means persistent study by day and by night, for years, always. And, unless the student is in earnest, he will never drink sweet and refreshing draughts from this golden chalice.

But what is the young man to do who is poor? What is he to do who is so circumstanced that to attend school is impossible? What is he to do who has a burning thirst for education, but whose way is hedged in on every side? We answer, let the thirst burn. It will burn out something in that young man's life. He who loves books can obtain all the books he has time to read. Now we are going to suppose a case—a possible case. Yes: there are such every-

where. Here is a young man who has a trade at which he must work ten hours out of every twenty-four. We will suppose that young man to be a lover of mathematics, or of the languages, or any of the sciences. What are his opportunities? They are numerous. First, in every community there are those who will kindly aid him if he will only ask them. There are men who are linguists and scientists—if he wishes aid in these departments—who will gladly aid him, often “without money and without price.” Then, there are professional teachers, whose aid can be secured in any department of study. Young men have much time to spend in the pursuit of knowledge, if they are careful of the moments. Any young man can find at least two hours out of the twenty-four for study. Now, suppose this one to be at the age of twenty. If he has no desire for education at that age, he is not likely ever to have. Two hours a day, commencing at twenty, and continued for ten years, would amount to seven thousand three hundred hours, including Sabbaths. No student should study over five hours a day.

Then, in the ten years from twenty to thirty, he would have studied what would be equal to four full years, at the rate of five hours a day; or what would be equal to the time ordinarily spent

in college. And all this can be accomplished when he is only thirty—all the while working at a trade, or doing something else.

When we see a young man going into the world, to build up his fortune by hard strokes, beginning down at the bottom, we have hope in his case. Whence have come most of our rich men? From the walks of poverty and toil. Whence have come our statesmen, mostly? From the farm, the shoemaker's bench, the blacksmith-shop. They have had nothing on which to rely but self, and that was the best foundation. These men have grown strong under the discipline of toil. Whence have come our greatest scholars? From the ranks of poverty. Many young men have "worked their way" through college; and, where they could not go through college, they have risen above even colleges. They have set themselves out to win; and have gained the summit of the hill of science, after many a hard effort.

Young men, self-culture is possible. The road may be more difficult, and the journey longer; but the end is as good, especially when judged from the stand-point of practicability. The question of success is one whose answer depends on the man himself. Some men seem born for success; others for failures: and this is true

in business, in education, in every department of life.

We have spoken on possibilities ; let us also speak of duty. We have said you have a perfect right to an education. None doubt this. You are aware how important is general culture to the welfare of a state in war or peace ; how it reaches out and affects every interest of human life, from the day-laborer to the merchant-prince. You all understand how the civilized nations are establishing systems of education that shall send their influences to every child born. You have not failed to observe how education subserves the cause of religion.

We can not fail to observe the necessity of intellectual culture in a land where the elective franchise is so universal. In war, we have seen how superior the educated soldier was to the uneducated ; in the one case it was science—in the other, brute force. In the administration of justice, how the world needs culture of mind ! Who would not sooner submit his case to the judgment of twelve educated, intelligent jurymen, than to twelve who are not ? Who does not know that, in the law-making and law-executing powers of a nation, there is more safety where there is education than where there is not ? Has not every one of us observed that education



increases our thrift? Education extends the wants of life. The moment you begin to tinker the brain, you set man after something he did not need before. The Indian in the forest is satisfied with a wigwam and a day's provision; his educated brother wants a comfortable house, good clothing, variety of food, and plenty of it.

Educate people, and they want pictures and flowers and luxuries; and they will have them, if it is possible. Give men culture, and their wants increase; and this increase opens up new industries, and gives employment to millions, and calls forth the resources of the world. Educate men, and it abates superstition, increases faith, stimulates the active energies of a people; so that the greatness of a nation is not its square miles, nor its gold—but its men.

“What constitutes a state?  
 Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,  
 Thick wall, or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;  
 Nor bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Nor starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
 No! men, high-minded men;  
 Men who their duty know,  
 But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain;  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant when they burst the chain,—  
 These constitute a state!”



Every young man owes it to himself to seek the highest degree of intellectual culture. God has given you mental powers to be used. Every man owes it to his age, his race, his country, to seek knowledge—to be as highly educated as possible, and thus to be able to do more for mankind ; for education augments our usefulness. Education puts additional power into the hands of the immoral man ; but that is no argument against culture, for it gives the same power for good to its possessor.

“That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.” The mind employed in seeking after the truth, intent upon it, has thrown around it a guard against evil. Two distinct motives are not likely to actuate the soul at the same time ; nor two distinct classes of thought to be each loved at the same moment ; hence, the educating process promotes virtue. Such is its tendency. The happiness, the efficiency, the true progress of all, is intimately connected with education.

Let no young man plead either a want of time or lack of opportunity. They have both. There are but few who can not save up two hours a day for getting an education, or for the acquisition of knowledge.

But you must not spend your time in loitering

about the public places. You must not squander your precious hours, waste your golden moments, over the billiard-table. You must not be idle; you must work; you must be systematic in doing what may fall to your lot in life. And then, if true to self, and in earnest, you are sure to win the prize.

Given a good mind, "*mens sana in corpore sano*"—a healthy mind in a healthy body—with a universe before it inviting thought; and the result should be the uplifting of the soul, its expansion into glorious power; an educated mind, fitted to fill any place on earth.

And all this rests upon you as a solemn religious duty. You owe your powers to God, who made you; they can never die. You must either dwell in light, or sink into darkness. *To know*, is the grandest privilege; sanctified knowledge makes its possessor godlike. The joys or sorrows of eternity will bear some impress from the hand of time. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him."

Solomon prayed: "Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great people?"

And God said unto him: "Because thou hast

asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked for the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: behold! I have done according to thy word. Lo! I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart, so there was none like thee before thee; neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." His was a wise choice.

This world's fortunes are fickle; money may be gained by toil and care; fame may be acquired; ease may be obtained, and all these; but the couch of repose may, in one night, be exchanged for one of pain. Some hand may in one hour blot your name from the scroll of fame; and the sweeping flood or raging flame may, in a day, overturn the labor of years. But there are treasures secure against any stroke of fate. The consciousness of right in your breast is as imperishable as God, and bids defiance alike to raging storms and sweeping flames. True knowledge is a possession above the worth of rubies. Royalty itself puts no chaplet on human brow so rich and beautiful as that which crowns the thinker. There is no victory which man may achieve, like the victory of the soul. There is no path ever trod by mortals, whose sides are so flanked with flowers of beauty as the "King's

highway of holiness." There are no heights on which the soul may ascend, like those delectable mountains of true "wisdom" whose summits touch the throne of God, and are lost to human sight in the world invisible. There is no toil so sweet as that of the brain; no rest so refreshing as the rest of the soul; nothing so sure as heaven.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs: he lives most  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."






## CHAPTER XV.

### *The Possible Man.*

*"He was not born to shame :  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;  
For 't is a throne where honor may be crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth."*

E may draw a line around any community of even a few thousand persons, and know that in that population there is to be found every grade known to society. In the city of New York, and in other great cities, you have only to step from the flag-stone pavement, from under walls which inclose vast treasures, and go for a few paces to the right or left, to find yourself in the midst of the most degraded and poverty-stricken of mankind. And so it is every-where. Every community has its rich men and its poor. An amount sufficient to make one rich, however, in a country village, would not make even decent poverty in a great city. In

great cities are found greater extremes in society, greater riches, and more abject poverty. As we have met, in our Summer drives, all classes, we have been led to think of humanity more. Evidently the way to know all about the world, is to mingle with it. We have gone by the place where all the surroundings told of a superior culture. The house is often small, but then it bears evidence of taste. The flowers in the doorway, the snow-white curtains in the small window, all tell their tale. Then, we have passed by other places where no taste was displayed; but, on the contrary, where its absence was indicated at every point, in every thing. Door-yards filthy, fences dilapidated, and all the surroundings forbidding in appearance. Even so do people differ in their interior lives. Christianity dwells in one house, infidelity in the other. Devout piety sings and prays under one roof, and profanity is uttered under the other. Here are families who dwell in the sweet peace of domestic life, and yonder are those who live in discord. O, what a medley one meets!

But what is to be the end of all this? Shall the world go on thus, and never change? There is something so wonderful in human nature, that, were the Scriptures even silent on the subject, we should predict some glorious end for mankind

in the future. The day may be distant, but still it will come, when society will be very different from what it now is.

The human mind is truly the most wonderful creation. The power in us to generalize great truths, and establish laws; the power which we have of analyzing compound substances and resolving them into their elements; the powers of synthesis, in which we take the elements and recombine them into their myriad forms; the power of abstraction, by which the mind can concentrate itself upon a single quality or proposition, and be uninfluenced by the outward world; the power to reason out, through tedious processes, great truths in science, in law, in philosophy; the power to examine objects millions of miles distant from us, and ascertain the conditions of their being, and the uses which they subserve in the universe; in a word, the power to think, is a wonderful power—the greatest power conceivable.

There is no depth in space which the mind of man can not fathom. There are points so distant, that a ray of light, which traverses space at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, would consume some hundreds, if not thousands, of years in reaching us. Go, and cast your eyes up into the heavens, and behold that beautiful star twinkling in its azure depths,

and know that the light that touches your eye started on its errand while Adam and Eve were walking lovingly amid the ambrosial beauties of Eden. Through all these thousands of years, it has been flying toward you, and has only just arrived. These thoughts give us some impression of space—distance.

But there is another way to see the wonderful things of God ; that is, in his oldest book, the Bible of nature. We do not wish here to discuss the question of the age of the human race, whether it is six thousand or more years old ; only to say that the human race is of quite recent origin, in a comparative view. But of the globe itself—the substance of the earth—it is old beyond our comprehension.

As one goes down in the series composing the earth's stratification, and sees how the world was built up ; how miles of solid rocks were formed by the constant deposition of the sediment from muddy water ; how the earth has grown by the conversion of invisible gases, which float in space, into solids,—there comes over the mind some conception of time, which dates back to a period so remote as to seem like an eternity in itself. Time and space are worlds in which the human mind may revel in the highest delight.

But there is another field for thought even still



more glorious ; and that is thought itself, or mind, or spirit life. Man—what a study he is to himself ! It has been said, you know, “The proper study of mankind is man.” By man, now, we mean all there is in man—his inner being, his mind, will, conscience ; his history, his future ; and, especially, the *possibilities* of humanity.

The human soul is deeper than the ocean. It requires a longer line to sound it than it does to measure the distance between the crest of the wave and “the unfathomable gulf where all is still.”

The soul rises higher than the mountain-peaks which cleave the sky, higher than the region of the stars even. Its altitude is infinite.

What are the possibilities of humanity ? What is there in this world of thinking men yet to be developed ? “It doth not yet appear what we shall be.” There is a destiny of greatness and grandeur which we yet do not see nor comprehend—a greatness which is to come through the Gospel of Christ.

There certainly will not come on this stage any other being superior to man. There was a time when man was not in existence. The earth was peopled with living beings, but of an order without reason.

Man, then, came with a fleshly nature, which

he had in common with all animals; but there was superadded thereto spiritual life, mind-power, and this at once designated him as the completion of the world's races. "Last of all, he made man also."

But men ask, May not some new being be in some way developed out of this great mass of humanity? We think not; and for the reason that there is no place for any such creation. Man is fully competent to the world's government. He is fully competent to the understanding of all the regulative laws of the earth. He is a sufficient reflection of the mental and spiritual. He is the end to which all types in the creative scheme point; and, therefore, he is the highest, and will always be the most glorious, being on the face of the globe.

We may say, then, that while no other being will come upon the stage of this world's action, yet society, which is made up of individual members, will be so much improved as to make man essentially a new being. So that when we ask, What are the possibilities of human nature? we have entered a field for reflection which opens out to an unlimited extent. We can easily discern the fact, as we look out over the world, that there are two distinct grades in human society. In all that which goes to constitute

human nature, they are one; the elements are the same. But, viewing them even casually, we see that there is a marked division. That line of separation does not touch the nature of man so much as the degree of his cultivation.

The one class has undergone a process of refining, the other is crude. The one is surrounded with wealth and the luxuries which wealth may procure, the other treads the walks of poverty. Nor is this division one which separates the human family into Christian and heathen. No. In heathen lands there are rich and poor, high and low. One might suppose, were the facts not so patent, that in Christian lands there would be no such broad distinction; but it is not so. Under the very shadows of our temples of religion, the rich often grow richer, and the poor become poorer. But this is not the fault of Christianity, nor the reproach of the rich altogether. The fault lies in another direction.

The question of culture is one we need to consider. We sometimes think we have laid too much stress upon grace. The Church has said to men, Only be religious, only be good at heart, and all will be well. Now this, we know, is the main thing. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you." So said the great Teacher.

Holiness is the first thing to be sought, truly. But, then, do we believe that, if a man experiences religion, he will never need to do any more? Does God rain down barrels of flour, and roll them into the pantries of his saints? Does God send trees walking into the door-yards of his children, where they crumble into stove-wood? No. If a converted man wants a barrel of flour, he must earn money and buy it. If he wants fuel, he must go into the market and purchase it, and saw it into proper lengths, just like any other man.

A Christian should seek the highest form of culture, as well as the converting grace of God. A Christian is the highest style of man. A cultivated Christian may not get to heaven any more certainly than one who is not, or be any happier when he is there; but it is a conviction we feel, that Sir Isaac Newton will be a brighter spirit in heaven than a converted Indian chief. Christianity means culture. A Christian should *know* the most, as well as be the *best*.

Now, in reference to the possibilities of human nature, let us consider this point as illustrative of what we say. We have all seen some very lovely specimens of Christianity, even among poor people—ay, the very poorest. They were intelligent, industrious, generous, kindly affec-

tioned, honest, and beloved of all. The world has very many of such people in it. We have observed others just the reverse of these—ignorant, vicious, idle, evil-disposed, the embodiment of all that is vile in human kind. Now, the Gospel supposes it possible to take these last-named, and convert them, by grace and the culture which grace implies, over into such as we have before described. If it is a possibility in one case, it is in another. If one community may be morally revolutionized, so may other communities. If one family can be brought up from the deep degradation of sin, so may all families. If all are not brought up to the same level of refinement, the difference will be based upon constitutional defects which only many generations can overcome. But grace in the heart has a wonderful influence on the condition of humanity in its development.

There is, unquestionably, a new age before the world physically, as well as mentally and morally. It must be so. Take mankind, now, in the light of physical beings. Can we believe that God is pleased with the diseased, deformed, depressed condition of more than three-fourths of the whole human race? Does any one believe that infinite love delights in bodily weakness, in bleared eyes, contracted chests, depressed skulls, dwarfed

stature, and marred physiognomies? He did not make us so. He intended man to be upright, standing erect, with a manly brow and a noble mien, with large brain and expanded chest—strong, beautiful, grand.

Sin has thwarted this plan, and has cast the whole race down; and we are diseased and deformed and wretched, as a consequence. Crime has been the physical, as well as moral, curse of humanity. The iniquities of the fathers have thus been visited upon their children unto the third and fourth generations; and it is not visited in any other way upon the children of men.

The redemption of the race is of a twofold kind: First, the salvation of the soul of every individual, as a possibility; secondly, a salvation that shall work out a change in the bodily and social condition of mankind, universally. There must be an uplifting of men from their degradation. The Christian Church has a mission to the hovels, the cellars, the garrets.

But what force can be best relied on in this work? You say, educate men. Yes: but there is a choice in the methods of the world's education. The block of granite, as it lies with its ponderous bulk upon the earth, can be raised by the lever; but we must have a fulcrum, and we

must in some way get the point of the lever under it.

Education will do it. It will change any family to educate them. But how are we going to get hold of the lowest grade of the world's population? We answer: Seize first on the world's moral convictions; lay some hand of power on the conscience of mankind; impress them with the idea of God, of their sin, and of the great hereafter: and then you can raise them, and not before. Hence, education must rest on a religious basis.

The poverty, the disease, the horrid degradation, in which such multitudes of the world's population lie at this hour, have sin as their efficient cause.

Thinking constitutes the chief difference between human beings and the animal race. Whenever a man begins to think, he begins to rise in the scale of being. The more profound the thinking, the more noble the manhood. No subject gives the mind such exalted thought as those which relate to the questions of eternity. The soul—its powers, its destiny—is a study beyond the stars in importance. You touch the soul at the point of its highest power, when you come to it with words of Divine wisdom. Hence it is, after all, that the great reforming and



uplifting force in the world is that which is derived from God—the Church of the Redeemer. That Christian teaching exerts on the human destiny a wonderful change, is simply a truism. Nations are as their religion; because religion, whether it be true or false, lays hold of the conscience.

There are, then, wonderful possibilities in the world of humanity. The onward march of Christian civilization through the distant future has its pledge and its prophecy in what Christ has done in the past. But it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. A time will come when a purer holiness shall be the motto of the whole world. A time will come when science shall give us powers of which we now scarcely dream. The world is in the morning twilight of the great scientific day. There will come a time when the world will have less of poverty and wretchedness. War will be unknown. Prisons will not be constructed to confine within their bolted doors the doomed convict; they will become schools for the instruction of those who have become so perverted as to commit crime. In this new age of the world, there will be fewer hours devoted to labor, and more to the study of God's word and works. Then, the dingy hut will not be the abode of him who was formed in the image and



likeness of God. Man will live in the sweet air and cheering sunlight of heaven.

He will eat wholesomer food than now; for his intelligence will direct him with more certainty to that which befits him. He will know more of the laws of his being, and understand better his capacities. Obeying the mandates of the Most High, his conscience will be "void of offense." He will labor by day with less chafing, and rest by night more sweetly; and his whole being will be more harmonious. Thus he will be a grander being than the man of the world's history through all the past.

But, we hear you say, this is a dream—an impossible reality. Let us only point you to the fact that there is a possible improvement in our race, as the race has abundantly demonstrated. What is the difference between the denizen of the "Five Points" and the occupant of the splendid coach which rolls down Fifth Avenue, in New York City? There is a very manifest unlikeness. We answer, cultivation. What was the difference between Daniel Webster and the man who rowed his boats and cleaned his shoes? Cultivation—cultivation of blood. Blood tells in this world, say what you will.

And nothing is more true in human philosophy than that, under the right kind of education—

that which takes hold of the whole being, molding into a divine beauty the heart life, stimulating as with an electric touch the intellectual life, reaching and affecting the bodily life—this groaning, enfeebled, perverted manhood may grow up into a sort of “blood-royal;” and the future races, or race—for all are to be “one in Christ”—who shall grow out of the present, shall be like the giant oak of the forest as compared with the dwarf of its own species, whose stunted growth tells of some awful blight which has rested on germ or soil.

But what are the agencies employed to effect this change? First, there is an inherent power in man himself—in mind itself. It is said a forest was once hid in an acorn. There is power in a few pounds of water, which an ox can drink or a child spill, if developed and confined under certain conditions, to blow up a steamboat; yet we can not see it, nor feel it. There is in humanity a power ever at work. The mind struggles up like the grass in Spring-time, as it seeks the sun. With all this load of sin and of misery which the world has borne on its shoulders, with all the disabilities of our nature—and they are numerous—yet how much the world has gained! Look back and see. Then, there is a power in the action of mind upon mind. The

ignorant learn from the wise, the educated. The unlettered slave overheard the conversation of his master while he served him, and grew wonderfully wise.

Then, there is the rivalry of mind. The learning of some provokes others to seek wisdom and knowledge; for, what one can do, another can at least try to do, and with probable success. Besides the education men gain from contact with the world, in which facts share so large a part, we read lectures in stones, and see revelations in stars, and hear songs in winds and sermons in waves.

Under all these influences, what is the possible destiny of our race on this globe? Who can tell? Who dares prescribe a limit to this all-mastering human power, this mind-power? What shall be our destiny when all the forces of nature are brought into subjection, and man is enthroned as dictator over the empire of universal world-force? What shall be the destiny of mankind when all the treasures of earth are laid open to their embrace and use? What may be said of him when the clouds, that veil the now hidden truths, are all lifted, and the sun, that shall know no setting, shall rise upon his intellect and heart? Ah, "it doth not yet appear what he shall be!"

But, in addition to this inherent energy in man, there are other forces at work for his elevation ; and these are of God. We are very much like children who are learning to walk. We put forth what energy we have ; but then God's hand is reached down to aid us. We hold him by the fingers, and will not fall ; he leads us.

The ultimate outlook is grand. There is a vision of beauty lying just over there in the future. The world will yet see a diseased race cured of its maladies ; a deformed race restored to its primal loveliness ; a race of slaves emancipated from every shackle ; a race on which had settled in awful night the mental and spiritual darkness of the soul, shining in the brightness of spiritual glory ; sin, whose darts had sunk into the soul, poisoning its fountains and blighting its hopes, driven away ; the tear on the cheek of sorrow crystallized into a diamond of joy ; a poor race made rich in wealth that shall not perish. Such are the hopes of men, and such are the promises of God in the good time coming, in the world's new age. It shall not be said by one to another, "Honor the Lord ;" for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest.

O, while poverty pinches, and ignorance inthralls, and vice stings those who are ours in kin—bone of our bones, flesh of our flesh—we who

can, should do something to redeem the world ! And as no force, they say, can be destroyed, but all is conserved and in some way correlated, so that not one good deed is lost,—not a teacher in the school-room teaches in vain, not a kind word is uttered in vain, not a smile exists but is caught in God's camera, fixed indelibly on some page in heaven's gallery, and all our deeds of goodness are laid up in the archives of heaven. We will meet them by and by, as, from eternal habitations, we read the history of our earth-lives.

Reader, what can you do to hasten on the redemption of the world ? What can you do to help some poor child of darkness out into light ? Pity the destitute of this world, but pity more the morally benighted. They may not ask your aid, they may even spurn it ; but still, pluck them as brands from the burning, and they will be bright jewels in your crown.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### Fading Leaves.

*"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found ;  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.  
Another race the following Spring supplies ;  
They fall successive, and successive rise.  
So generations, in their course, decay ;  
So flourish these, when those have passed away."*



HE long, warm Summer is past, and the solemn days—days of the "sere and yellow leaf"—have come. How many a sweet hour we have spent during these Summer days!

The Black Horse and Carryall started upon their rambles when the grass was green and the trees were just putting forth their buds. We have watched the beautiful unfoldings of Summer. We have seen the grain grow tall and ripen under the influence of sunshine and shower. We have seen the blossoms fall from the apple-trees, and the fruit form and ripen. We have

seen the reaper and mower swiftly cutting the grass and grain for the use of man and beast. Now the Autumn fruits are being gathered. Wagons go creaking along the dusty highway, laden with the golden fruits of the season. Now the forests are shedding their coats, covering the earth with crimson and gold; and the fields are yielding their treasures as a reward to the hard-handed farmer, to be an equivalent of gold in his barn and granary. Summer has blushed and bloomed; now Autumn breezes sigh plaintively through the half-naked branches of the trees. O, there is a look of mournful beauty in the rich Autumn landscape, as it stretches away before us! We love Autumn; the air is so bracing, the roads so smooth, the farmers' boys so happy, and every thing is so mellow! It has been a Summer well spent. We have been so near to nature, seen and conversed with so many people, seen so much of all sides of life. We have been to weddings, picnics, and funerals; and sometimes to all in one day. We have seen wealth and poverty; we have shaken hands with the strong and healthy, and have held in ours the cold and feeble hand of the sick. We have gone to one house to congratulate those upon whom fortune has smiled, and then to others to offer our words of condolence.



“Speak gently : ’t is a little thing  
 Dropped in the heart’s deep well ;  
 The good, the joy that it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.”

But the Summer is over ; the blossoms are not ; the birds are turning southward ; the days are cooler and shorter. Soon the earth will be mantled in her snowy sheet ; and we shall be shut up within doors, to work and wait for the coming of Summer again.

If we had never seen an Autumn ; if our eyes had always viewed the world as Summer presents it to our sight, with dense foliage, with deep rich verdure, with breezes laden with the sweetest aroma, with songs of birds, and this universal life, and if there should have crept over the beautiful face of nature these signs of decay ; if gradually the songs of birds had died away into distant murmurs, and then ceased ; if the grand oak, whose rugged boughs had held up the deep foliage, as if to shield the sweltering herd from the intense rays of a Summer sun, were seen turning into dark russet ; if the vine, which clambers the sides of the oak, all the long Summer flaunting her green leaves over the mossy trunk, were suddenly changed into a festoon of deepest crimson ; if the maple should suddenly lift its arms, all draped in carnation and orange ; if the hickory, tall and graceful as our ideal queen,



should be transformed into gold, and if, at every step, we tramped beneath our foot the crisped leaf, and every-where should see the deadened stalk, the gray meadow, and the dust-covered hill-slope ; if, instead of the playful breezes, there should come the sharp whistling winds—instead of the calm Summer sky, the cloudy heavens threatening our very peace with their darkness ; if thus, for the first time in our life, we had witnessed the change from Summer to Autumn as we witness it now,—what would be the emotions which would rise in our hearts ! What sad forebodings of our world's destiny would these changes mark !

But our eyes have become used to the scenes of an Autumn change. And when the Summer bids us adieu, leaving her cast-off garments to be driven by the winds at their will—to rot on the ground, and bank themselves in each nook and corner—we adjust ourselves to the new conditions of nature ; our eyes turn and look for the coming snow, the naked forest, the ice-covered creek, the white bank of frozen earth ; and we draw ourselves within our dwellings, to sit by our cheerful fires, and while away the fleeting hours in the sacred social endearments of life.

The fading leaf, the richly-colored leaf, as it hangs on the branch of the tree where it grew

and fluttered in the Summer winds; the faded leaf, as it drops from the branch upon the ground beneath, and lies pensively there in the Autumn days,—is indeed not only the beautiful “banner of Autumn,” but it is an expressive symbol of every man’s life.

Our lives have in them almost as distinctly marked periods as the rolling year measured by the sun’s relative oscillation across the zodiac. There is the Spring-time, when the soul of the child is jubilant; when the spirit soars on wings of fancy, and climbs high on the ladder of mortal hope; when it sings its song of beauty, and fills the air with its music. Then, there is the Summer-time of our manhood and womanhood, when the body is matured in its strength, and the mind matured in judgment; the time of work and the time of reward, by gathering in the results of toil in the accumulation of wealth; the time of pleasure, when all the powers of being are in fullest exercise, when we are happy only by activity which has no limit but that of our natural powers.

Then, there comes the Autumn of life; the period of decline, when the faculties begin to wane, when the theme of our song is changed, when age is creeping on apace—the voice more tremulous, the step less quick, the frame less robust; the time of reflection and consciousness.

Then, there comes the wintery time in life, when the snows are on the ground—the silvery locks, the trembling hand, the dim eye, the benumbed sense, the slow and measured pace, the tottering step, the deaf ear, all are signs of the “change that cometh ;” the time when man draws himself within doors to spend the hours in quiet meditation, waiting for the angel of release—angel of the better life.

Childhood is the flowering-time, the gushing out of life. Summer, with its fullness, completeness, and beauty, is a fitting type of our manhood. Autumn, with its sere leaf, is the expressive type of declining maturity ; while Winter and age are correlated ideas in our minds.

With what poetic grandeur does Solomon describe age : “ In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ; also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail :

because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets : or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

There is a sense in which every one of us is like a leaf ; not in the fading, but in the development and growth of the leaf. A tree or shrub on which is seen no leaf, is usually deemed dead. The leafless oak of the hill-side, as it spreads its naked arms to the Summer winds, tells us that the vitals have been broken by the tooth of the destroying worm, or stroke of the woodman's ax. The leaf, then, is the badge of life. Where it grows and hangs through the long Summer, we know there is health and vigor.

The leaf is, in itself, quite insignificant, as it hangs pendant from the quivering branch ; and yet though produced by the growing tree itself, reacts upon the tree and causes its growth. Leaves are the lungs of vegetation through which the forests and gardens breathe. They drink in the poison of the air, which, to them, is most delicious food ; and send forth to man and beast the oxygen, without which every animal would perish.

A single leaf, as you carelessly pluck it from

the drooping bough by the way-side, seems of but trifling value ; for God has made them in such profusion. The forests, however, which stretch away to such a vast extent, are made up of them ; the dense wood, where the shadows are so deep as to defy the penetration of the sun-ray, is but the aggregation of single leaves. That shade-tree which stands in your door-yard, and under whose rich foliage you have spent so many an hour during this long and sultry Summer, owes its beauty and its utility to the leaves which, uniting, have cast their shadows upon you.

May we not learn a lesson from the leaf? What is society but the aggregate of individuals? Is society beautiful? It is the beauty of united, banded men and women. One leaf may fall on the damp earth, and not be missed from the overhanging boughs. So one of us may droop and die, and yet not be missed by the great world.

This combination of leaves makes the shadow where man and beast seek retirement from the burning ray of an August sun ; but each leaf has its mission, its place, its duty. Every man has his mission, his place, his duty to do, his responsibility to bear. As the leaf extracts the poison from the air, so should every man do his part in destroying the poison of human life. There are wounds into which you can pour oil. There are

eyes, used to weeping, from which you can wipe the burning tear. There are hearts, ready to burst, on which you can lay the soothing hand. There are feet, sore with the hard and graveled road over which they have been treading, which you can bind up. There are throbbing, heaving bosoms, which can be calmed into rest by words which you can speak. O, we need but to do the little good we can, to fulfill our mission! Be like the leaf on the tree: serve the Summer day, then fall to the ground; for man is like

“The snow-falls on the river—  
A moment white, then gone forever.”

Our little, added to the littles which others can do, will swell into a mighty aggregate of human good. The silent look of pity, the extended hand of friendship, the gentle word of love, will be as a charm to the soul of man—an unction which will abate the gangrene of the morbid soul, and send it back into joyful life once more.

“’T is a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
’T is a little thing to speak some common word  
Of comfort, which hath almost lost its use;  
Yet on the ear of him who thought to die  
Unmourned, ’t will fall like choicest music.”

The leaf not only extracts the poison from the air, but it sends forth a stream of health. Our mission is not alone to heal wounds, and wipe tears away, and help bear burdens; but it is to make the world substantially better. Not to relieve suffering, simply; but to remove the cause of human woe, to infuse a new life, to make the weak stronger, the ignorant wiser, the fettered free. Not only to emancipate the slave, but to put him on the throne of a true and noble manhood. As the leaf purifies the atmosphere and makes it more health-giving, so must we breathe the air of life into others.

The leaf, as it falls in mellow loveliness to the ground, is the image of beauty, the golden or crimson badge of completeness, maturity. That leaf is not needed now; for the sun has receded to the South, and the deep shadow is no longer sought by the sweltering herd. The tree has finished its fruitage, and the harvest-time is over. The leaf has not been sered and yellowed by the frost, as many believe, but is simply ripened; though the frost may have hurried on the process.

What is our life but an activity, crowned with ripened age, or at least maturity? We are not born simply to breathe so many times, to sleep so many nights, and eat and drink to our own satisfaction; not born into the world simply *to*



*be*, but we are born to *do*. Life is a pressure, a great putting forth of ourselves, projecting ourselves into others, making them feel our power, blessing mankind by shielding them in time of trouble. This is a ripening process. They who fall in the faded beauty of ripened manhood and womanhood, and lie in the dust of the ground, as the leaf lies upon the sidewalks, are as beautiful as the leaf, which, though now useful, was never so lovely as in death. Look at the bright crimson or golden leaf, and tell us, is it not the very picture of loveliness?

Israel's sweet singer said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." O, this ripened, this completed manhood! There is an aroma of heaven in the breath of the better land; a cadence mournful, yet lovely, in the murmurs of the river, to whose brink this ripened and beautiful manhood or womanhood comes.

Is not the beautiful leaf, then, a striking picture, a true lesson of our life—marking the steps from prattling infancy to hoary age?

We have a tendency to shrink back from age. Why is it we dread this growing old? Does the corn dread the heat that ripens it, and bid it delay its coming? Does the vine shy off from the season that ripens the clusters of luscious grapes? Does the tree of the forest seek a deeper and



cooler depth in the tangled wild-wood, that it may lift its crown of verdure into the very snows of Winter? Would it not be a strange sight, to see the green leaf quivering in the Winter's breeze! Dread growing old! when age is the ripened life of man; and when the doors of the city of God are opening to give the soul an eternal home. Dread growing old! when age is so lovely.

We know these departing years write their wrinkles on the brow of mortals. Time's hand is heavy, and under its pressure the strongest man must sink earthward. The life and vigor of youth die out as the leaf fades. All this life must pass away. The flush of youth and the strength of manhood, like the blossoms of Summer, go away forever. Others come upon the stage; but these come back never. The tottering footstep, the dim eye, the silvery lock, are inevitably born of time; and are indices which point to the grave, and tell of immortality. But, still, there is something in old age as lovely as the drooping, mellow Autumn of a rich and glorious Summer.

The old man is majestic. In him is something heavenly; for he stands on the boundary-line between two worlds. Nature in him has achieved her mission; and, when the sun of life is about

to set, she comes to load him with her fruits—fruits of a rich experience, of matured wisdom. Old age is the fruit-gathering time of life. Happy is such a man or woman, thus rocked to sleep—the last long sleep of earth—by the loving hands of children's children.

The fading, falling leaf carpets the earth for the "Indian Summer." So old age is the Indian Summer of life. How lovely are the bright and jeweled Autumn days—days of hazy, mellow beauty—when we seem to live on some enchanted island midway between this world and the next! And such is our life—an enchanted island, where we live and learn and feel, ever looking for some hidden treasure, ever waiting for some opening door-way, or some crevice in the shattered wall, through which floods of light shall break on the soul, and bathe it in love.

Old age is the transition period of human life, when the pictures of life below begin to dissolve into the pictures of the life man is to live above; when the mortal grows toward the immortal, and becomes it; when the music of earth begins to lose its charms of softness and of beauty, and the soul catches the whispering melodies of the better land. Earth, with its beauty, its love, and its charms, recedes from the vision of the soul; but heaven draws

near, with its wealth of love and beauty and immortality.

The leaf which has fallen to the earth is not lost ; there is a richness stored within it which creates other leaves. The rich mold of the forest is but the accumulated matter of the foliage which bloomed, faded, fell, in the ages gone by.

We, too, are leaves, going down into dust. O, the very earth is made richer by the ashes of the sainted dead ! The dust of our departed is holy ; the spot where they sleep is one of the most sacred places to us.

The leaf, decayed, reproduces itself in the living leaf again. So the good of all the ages are speaking to the living. The tomb can not hold from the sight and hearing of the living, the deeds and words of the dead. There is an immortality in moral worth which survives the stroke of death. Men die, and turn to dust, but their names live. They, being dead, yet speak.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."

We read in these fading leaves a lesson of immortality. These trees, dismantled of their foliage, are not dead. They will seem as if dead ;

the branches will be swayed in the wintery winds ; they will show no sign of life. The earth will harden at their roots ; the sap will congeal beneath the bark ; and where, all the Summer long, we have feasted on the beauty of nature, nothing but apparent death will greet our eyes. But we know that these branches will bud and blossom again. "For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease: though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stalk thereof die in the ground ; yet through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant."

"We all do fade as a leaf;" but we shall live again. The power which will enrobe these fields and forests in their garments of beauty in Spring-time—the strange force whose exercise will re-leaf and re-blossom all these trees and shrubs—can in some mysterious way reclothe our spirits in immortal bodies.

"Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever?  
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?  
*This* is a miracle, and *that* no more.  
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.  
Deny thou art, then doubt if thou shalt be."

"We all do fade as a leaf"—"*all*." You can say to yourself: "I am fading ; my race will soon

be run; my work, like that of the hireling, will soon be accomplished ;”

“My days are gliding swiftly by.”

There is your wife; she is fading away like the leaf, and will soon be gone. Your child, young and healthy and beautiful, is subject to the same decay. Your dearest friend, the most cherished, is fading. We are all passing away—fading, fading!

Take from us this one cherished hope of the life which is to come, and what a somber world this would be!

“Our better nature pineth—let it be!  
Thou human soul, earth is no home for thee:  
Thy starry rest is in eternity!”

But immortal life is ours. Our dear friends die to live in a deathless land; and we shall meet again, mingle again in sweetest communion, in the sweet “by and by.”

We are living to-day, full of hope, quivering with life; but to-morrow the hectic flush may be on the cheek,

“Like the unnatural red  
Which Autumn paints upon the perished leaf.”

Solemnly the words fall on our ears: “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” But sweetly come the words, from the same lips:

"'T is enough; come up higher." Go, see, in the faded leaves of Autumn, the emblems of human life.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"





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